INQUIRY®

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 6, 1980 • $1.50

Nick Thimmesch: *Lebanon's Desert Fox*

A Slow Death for the Atomic Soldiers

Carl Oglesby: *SDS versus the Media*

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC HAPPINESS MACHINE

By MARY MEEHAN

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On Thursday Mornings You Work For The FBI.

Who Does The FBI Work For?

Go ahead, figure it out. You work part time for the government. If you're like most of us, you work 2 to 3 days a week to pay your taxes. Some of those taxes fund the FBI, the CIA and other government "intelligence" agencies.

What's so intelligent about them? Well, for starters, they've used *your* money to do things in *your* name that you would never approve of. Things like:

Illegal wiretapping
Burglaries
Spying
Assassination plots.

The American public found out about these abuses *after* they happened—*long* afterwards. Isn't it about time someone began keeping an eye on the Justice Department and the CIA?

Someone is. That "someone" is the Committee for Public Justice. The Committee probes, analyzes, uncovers and reports information vital to protecting our civil liberties. The Committee's investigative newsletter, *Justice Department Watch*, is the only publication that regularly scrutinizes in depth the activities of the 55,000 employees of the Department of Justice (which includes the FBI, the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, and the Bureau of Prisons).

The Committee played a major role in publicizing the overreaching of these and other agencies—abuses committed in the name of "law enforcement" and "national security."

According to U.S. government figures the average American family spends about $50 a year to fund federal law enforcement and "justice" activities.

Don't you think it's worth a few dollars to find out what they're doing with all that money—before it's too late?

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INQUIRY®

OCTOBER 6, 1980

The Great Democratic Happiness Machine

MARY MEEHAN **p. 11**

Feeling depressed or oppressed? Got a consumer problem? Need a subsidy for your dying corporation or your Great American Novel? Relax, don't worry—the Democrats will take care of you.

Naked Cities

ALAN CRAWFORD, JAMES D. WASCHER **p. 16**

There are six million stories of greed and corruption in the naked cities. In this issue, two: Chicago, the "city that works," which turns out to be the city that juggled its books, and Washington, D.C., which half the time doesn't even know where its books are.

COLUMNS & REVIEWS

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Bleeding Lebanon; Pols with balls; The nobility of napalm.

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First Amendment Watch . . . . . **p. 6**
Judicial malice. Imagine a place where it's illegal to disagree with a judge in print. The Soviet Union, you say, or perhaps Chile or Argentina. Can this really be happening in Ohio? (*NAT HENTOFF*)

Dispatch . . . . . **p. 8**
Israel's point man in Lebanon. He's a right-wing Christian and half his followers are Shiite Moslems, but Major Saad Haddad greets strangers with "Shalom" and smites the enemies of Israel. (*NICK THIMMESCH*)

Books . . . . . **p. 22**
Barton J. Bernstein on *Atomic Soldiers,* by Howard L. Rosenberg; Carl Oglesby on *The Whole World Is Watching,* by Todd Gitlin; Joseph R. Stromberg on *Repealing National Prohibition,* by David E. Kyvig; Hugh Kenner on *Contemporary Irish Poetry,* edited by Anthony Bradley.

Film . . . . . **p. 30**
Stephen Harvey on *Willie and Phil* and *Those Lips, Those Eyes.*

Typography by MACKENZIE-HARRIS *and* SOLOTYPE

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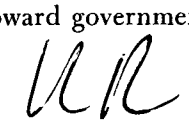
A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE EARLY FALL IS often a time for moving, and so it has been this year at *INQUIRY*. First, to editor Ronald Hamowy, who returns to university teaching in Canada, we bid a fond farewell/adieu. Ron was invaluable in helping us out in a pinch, and will continue to serve as consulting editor. Our new editor is Glenn Garvin, who has been with us for a year, and brings to his new post a strong background in newspaper journalism. Two new associate editors join our staff: Frank Browning, a former free-lance writer who has written several cover stories for us, and Jonathan Marshall, who has helped guide *INQUIRY* in the past. Both men bring distinctive strengths to our staff. But the thrust of the magazine, as you will discover in the coming months, remains the same: impassioned advocacy of individual rights—in our own country and everywhere else—and the most adamantine skepticism toward government in the business.



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RES PUBLICA

Confucius say, "Don't step on my blue suede shoes"

■ The golden oldies of American rock have become the music of Hong Kong's present—with a significant twist. While the songs remain the same, the Cantonese lyrics have been drastically altered.

The 1950s standard "Rock Around the Clock" has been transformed into a song of social significance. "If your face is yellow you won't have much power," goes the verse; "If I had only known this earlier I would have been born British."

—Wall Street Journal, Aug. 5, 1980

Back to the kitchen, Phyllis

■ In a speech last fall, [Phyllis Schlafly] called the atomic bomb "a marvelous gift that was given to our country by a wise God." In a more recent interview, she said, "I would do whatever was necessary to give us superiority over the Russians."

"I don't want just any job in Washington," she said. "The one that's my particular interest is the secretary of defense. But I'm sure it's going to be a man for that post." Abruptly, lest the interviewer interpret that observation as a complaint, she giggled.

—Miami Herald, July 14, 1980

That'll teach the Nazi bastards

■ Isaac David Cosson remembers the night of Aug. 11, 1944 perfectly.

Cosson was 12 years old, growing up on a turkey farm seven miles outside of the Florida Panhandle town of DeFuniak Springs, when an errant bomber on a night practice run from Eglin Army Air Base 45 miles away missed its target by 10 miles and dropped 36 fragmentation bombs on the Cosson family settlement.

Cosson's father was killed. He made it to the front gate, but shrapnel "cut him in two," said a relative. An uncle and two young cousins were killed.

Cosson survived. His spinal cord was severed by shrapnel and he was left paralyzed from the waist down.

—Miami Herald, July 5, 1980

South Africa solves problem of information explosion

■ [Judge J. H.] Snyman, who ran the Censor Board for five years, said his work helped ease the burden on South Africans unsure of how to choose what to read. "Every Afrikaaner cannot go out and buy every new book and read it to decide if he will like it. Now we have a body that can do it for him. We study the book and tell him if he will like it or not," he said.

—San Francisco Examiner, Aug. 17, 1980

And we could trade Reggie Jackson for the hostages, straight up

■ "But [New York Yankees' owner George Steinbrenner] really wants to win, that's what I like about him [said former Yankee manager Billy Martin]. The way our country's going, maybe we'd be better off with me and George running it. I'd handle Russia and he'd handle China."

—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 3, 1980

The world is too much with us

■ A prisoner who escaped from Wormwood Scrubs here [in London] ten years ago has knocked at the gate and asked to be let back in, the Home Office said today.

Officials refused to say what prompted him to give himself up 11 days ago. "As far as we are concerned he is back in prison and will serve the rest of his sentence," the spokesman said.

—New York Times, July 11, 1980

Brazil ends crackdown on zombies

■ Brazil has a special Minister of Debureaucratization. He's Helio Beltrao. In his first eight months in office, he did away with 224 million forms earlier required by government agencies. One of these was typical: A "life certificate" to affirm that the bearer was not dead.

—San Francisco Chronicle, Aug. 8, 1980

Legal principles

■ An effort to put the [American Bar] association on record in support of pending legislation to end discrimination against homosexuals who want to visit or move to the United States failed after one delegate, Joe Stamper of Oklahoma, delivered a fiery speech in which he said that "homosexuality is destructive of the family and harmful to our nation."

"Moral principles are immutable," Mr. Stamper said. "Moses brought them down to our civilization graven in stone."

—New York Times, Aug. 8, 1980

The Lord works in mysterious ways

■ Nuns accused of child abuse at a Roman Catholic grade school were reprimanded yesterday by a review board that ruled that binding children to chairs, taping their mouths shut and forcing them to crouch in awkward positions were "questionable forms of discipline."

However, the report added, the punishments were not "cruel, inhumane or abusive." The panel accused the news media of grossly exaggerating the actions of the teachers.

"The board was very impressed with the presentation and intent of some of these disciplinary measures," said the diocese attorney, Cirilo Flores.

—New York Times, July 9, 1980

Reagan names Florida attorney to Supreme Court

■ Acting U.S. Attorney Atlee Wampler has flunked the Florida Bar exam. The test scores were out Monday. The crimebuster was abashed but unbowed. "I passed the ethics part, which means I'm ethical," he said.

—Miami Herald, July 8, 1980

Grade inflation

■ Grading his White House performance in report-card style, President Carter said today that he deserved one A, two B's and possibly a C.

He gave himself an A on his energy program, saying it "will pay rich dividends in the future." "I think a B-minus. Let's say a B-minus" on foreign policy, he said. He added that he deserved a B on domestic policy, but "the actual results may be a C" because the inflation rate and unemployment are too high.

"I would say that on leadership, reasonably good, maybe a B," he said.

—New York Times, Aug. 11, 1980

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INQUIRIES

Israel's border war

Bleeding Lebanon

IN AUGUST, ISRAELI TROOPS AND JETS penetrated deep into southern Lebanon as a "preventive measure" to destroy suspected Palestinian positions. As usual, these raids—reminiscent of U.S. "preventive reaction strikes" over North Vietnam—killed numerous civilians. Hundreds of residents of the Lebanese town of Nabatiyet fled to the coast to escape the bombing.

This offensive was Israel's largest since March 1978, when its troops invaded southern Lebanon and occupied much of it for three months. There they killed and looted so indiscriminately that even the Israeli military finally had to take disciplinary measures to avoid further alienating the southern Christian population. Official UN figures released in June of that year revealed that the Israeli operation had forced 200,000 Lebanese and 65,000 Palestinians to flee north as refugees, prompting Lebanon's Minister of Labor and Social Affairs to warn that "We could face the worst social catastrophe in modern Lebanese history."

For the hundreds of thousands of homeless, the situation has not improved. Between April 1 and August 30, 1979, intense Israeli shelling produced another 175,000 Lebanese refugees and 50,000 Palestinian civilian refugees, massive damage to Lebanese farming villages, and 320 Lebanese civilian casualties.

As Nick Thimmesch reports on page 8, Israel's favorite ploy has been to keep Lebanon divided and weak by arming and financing Christian separatist armies. These forces, of which Major Saad Haddad's "Free Lebanon" army is only one, act as Israel's surrogates in the proxy war against Palestinian guerrillas and their sympathizers. Israel's ultimate goal is to secure its northern border by driving the Palestinians out of Lebanon altogether.

Israel is thus contributing more than its fair share to the tragedy that has ripped Lebanon apart over the past five years. While Israel keeps Major Haddad's gunners well supplied with artillery shells to lob at UN forces and disloyal villages, it has also strengthened a more sinister alliance with the newly emerged leader of the Christian right, Bashir Gemayel, military commander of the Phalangists.

When an Israeli commander remarked, "As long as the PLO is kept out, we don't care if the devil runs Lebanon," he was closer to the truth than he might have imagined. For it is surely ironic that Gemayel—whose forces now boast forty Sherman tanks supplied by Israel—has long idolized none other than Adolf Hitler. In his student days, when his room was adorned with a poster of the Führer, Gemayel adopted *Mein Kampf* as his political bible. Now he has a chance to put its insights into practice.

Gemayel's actions prove that Lebanon's civil war is not at heart a fight between Christians and Moslems, but a brutal struggle for power between rival warlords and their foreign allies. In June 1978, for example, Gemayel's men assassinated the rival Christian leader Tony Franjieh, along with his wife, daughter, chauffeur, and maid. In an even more stunning Mafia-style coup this July, Gemayel double-crossed the Christian forces of Camille Chamoun shortly after negotiating a pact of cooperation; he let loose his forces to massacre Chamoun's militants and innocent civilians in the Beirut area. "Your General Sherman did the same thing in Georgia," Gemayel explains by way of justification. One Western diplomat warns that Lebanon's Phalangists "are moving toward what I would consider a kind of fascism." But that does not trouble Israeli leaders, who know that Gemayel has vowed to unleash an apocalyptic "liberation war," as he calls it, against the Palestinians remaining in Lebanon.

Americans must consider how far they wish to go in sharing responsibility with Israel for the continuing human tragedy in the Middle East. It is no secret to the victims that Israel flies U.S. jets supplied by the American taxpayer. The antipersonnel cluster bombs that Israel dropped on Lebanese villages in 1978 bore clear Pentagon markings.

Now Israel is asking for another $2.9 billion in foreign aid for the coming year—a staggering sum in terms of the total U.S. aid budget. Israel received one-third of the entire aid allocation last year. At a time when our policymakers invoke human rights as a gauge by which to judge aid recipients, we should begin to question whether Israel deserves the money. If its expropriation of land and water in the West Bank, its moves to annex the Golan Heights and East Jerusalem, and its gradual territorial encroachment even into Lebanon are not enough to turn off the aid spigot, then perhaps the terrible facts of Israel's continuing war in Lebanon should awaken the conscience of Americans to stop our participation in the killing. ❏

Abscam 1, Ozzie 0

Pols with balls

"HE'LL DO ANYTHING . . . ANYTHING you want. . . . He's ready, willing and able tomorrow morning . . . he's got fuckin' balls."

The "he" of the foregoing paid political endorsement is Michael "Ozzie" Myers, Democratic congressman from Philadelphia. Myers, it will be recalled, was the first member of Congress convicted in the Abscam corruption trials. His portrait as a pol with balls came from his longtime friend, backer, collaborator, and cocon-

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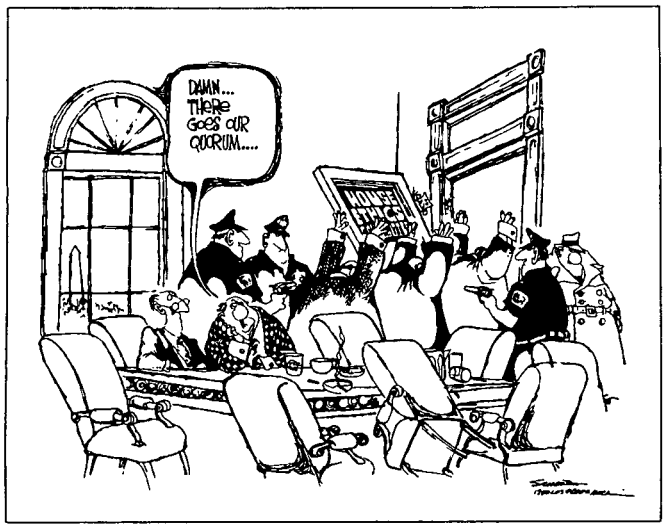

spirator, Angelo Errichetti, mayor of Camden, New Jersey. Mr. Errichetti is also now a convicted felon and casualty of the Abscam raids.

Aside from Mr. Myers's genital reputation, he is not a man who has left an indelible impression on Congress or a memorable political legacy for the Republic. Quite the contrary, Representative Myers seemed to be little more than your basic, two-bit sleaze. Still, within the world of congressional ethics, the congressman from Philly showed promise: "There's a million deals, ya know, it's a trading game down in Washington, and this is the way it's done. . . . There's a lot of action there if ya have the right connections. . . . I got a lot of guys who is willin' to do business."

Certainly Ozzie understood the fundamental precepts upon which the Democratic party was founded. From Andrew Jackson, who slaughtered Seminole Indians in an illegal war against Spain 160 years ago as a means of winning support from Southern slaveholders, to Lyndon Johnson, who rewarded his Texas contractor supporters with billion-dollar construction jobs in Vietnam, the Democratic party has been the party of the big deal. Ozzie Myers's failure was not in misunderstanding the primary principle of his party but in his singular lack of vision regarding its implementation.

From a sheik of the sort portrayed by the FBI undercover agents Ozzie should have required not $15,000 but $15,000 a week, and in exchange promised to have underworld hit squads take out the Washington Israeli lobby. Once the reports filtered back to the bureau and to their other friends in the national security circles, he might have been recognized as a man following in the footsteps of Jack Kennedy, whose agents, we remember, took to the mob to rub out their common enemy Fidel Castro. Murder, megadeath, and genocide are all marketable commodities in Washington and deserving of high respect. Accepting bribes for the petty purpose of paying your kid's school tuition is not.

Ozzie Myers's trial, fortunately, is only the first of the Abscam contests, and we may hope to see more creative examples of political ballsmanship. Representative John Murphy, whose trial comes later this month, is chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee and is one of South Korea's staunchest and oldest friends. So far he is charged only with accepting a bribe to introduce an immigration bill for another phony sheik and agreeing to help a friend take control of a Puerto Rican shipping firm. Paltry stuff. A better way to test his mettle might have been to suggest that the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's fishing fleets be given dominion over all Puerto Rico in exchange for the holy assassination of the island's Independence leaders—all of it paid for with a seaside villa for the congressman and his heirs.

But immigration bills for phony sheiks in exchange for a few sacks of C-notes? If the current crop of Abscamites doesn't improve, the crooked horsetraders of the Democratic party will soon be revealed as little better than the skinflints of the Nixon gang who stayed up at night scheming to cheat on their gasoline tax. ❏

The nobility of napalm

RONALD REAGAN, ALWAYS ON TOP OF current campaign issues, recently told the Veterans of Foreign Wars that America's involvement in Vietnam was a "noble cause," which was lost only because Washington had been "afraid to win." We presume he was talking about;

—the 1,535,000 Indochinese civilians who were killed, the 1,127,586 Indochinese soldiers who were killed, the 45,941 American GIs who were killed by the time the United States formally withdrew—not to mention the 11,065 Americans who died throughout Indochina from "non-hostile" causes;

—the 12,100,000 Indochinese who had been made refugees by the time of U.S. withdrawal;

—the $135.9 billion budgeted by the United States for the war between 1965 and 1973;

—the 15 million tons of munitions expended on Indochina, including 7 million tons of bombs dropped on Vietnam alone (2 million tons were dropped in World War II), between 1965 and 1973;

—the dropping of hundreds of thousands of tons of napalm, the sticky gel that ignites and adheres to human flesh and is designed to maim permanently and to kill slowly;

—the 17 million gallons of herbicide—most of it Agent Orange—dropped on Vietnam, which rendered millions of acres useless and resulted in genetic damage to American GIs and thousands of Vietnamese whose children are still born blind, misshapen, and without brains;

—the 40,000 Vietnamese murdered outright by agents of the CIA's Operation Phoenix political extermination program; and

—the more than 400 men, women, children, and infants slaughtered by the U.S. Army at My Lai.

We trust that these are among the items to be found in Mr. Reagan's famous file box of three-by-five cards covered with critical and noble facts. Perhaps among the cards there is also a quotation—something about the past, and those who forget. ❏

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 747 Front St., San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

The shah as 'right guy'

THERE HAVE BEEN FROM time to time a number of articles in *INQUIRY* praising (or tending to praise) Ayatollah Khomeini and deprecating the late shah; the Charles A. Kimball article [August 4 & 18] is the last to hand.

I must disagree with the main contentions for the following reasons:

1. There is no way the hostage situation can give Khomeini the slightest rationale. In a civilized country, a writ of habeas corpus would have freed the hostages within forty-eight hours. It is ridiculous to say they are spies; if so, why were the previously freed women and Negroes let go? Does it mean that only white males can be spies? The occupation of the embassy was an act of war, so that would brand Khomeini and his followers war criminals. Even the USSR condemned the action and it has a list of civil rights violations that would take years to recount. Under all philosophies and religions the taking of hostages must be condemned whatever the shah and SAVAK did.

2. Much is made of the shah, and the cries of "murderer"; over thirty years the shah and SAVAK did eliminate some people, but the rate was far less than that of Khomeini; not only have army personnel been murdered, but prostitutes, homosexuals, and followers of other religions, to say nothing of the minorities within Iran's borders. Khomeini is a religious fanatic; the shah was not. And of course fanaticism must breed intolerance and the bloodbath!

3. As to the shah's wealth, Khomeini himself has $80 million in his own right. Part of this is gathered from the Shiite collection of tithes, but they take 20 percent, not 10 percent.

4. The shah gave away 25 percent of his arable land.

5. The shah succeeded in modernizing Persia and raised the standard of living from about $166 per year to over $2000 per year per capita.

6. Save for FDR's installation of the shah over Mussadegh, the United States has not been involved in Iranian politics; the United States has sold Persia arms, but the shah paid for them. There was no reason for the United States to oppose the shah. He seemed a "right guy." However, Carter let him down.

7. Khomeini has written a book, not yet published in English, which advocates a Moslem world takeover in which women would be treated like dirt; trials would be swift and practically everything would be forbidden. These views stamp the man as totally unfit for rule.

A. T. DAVIES
Surrey, B.C., Canada

The Anderson difference

I WAS PLEASED TO SEE THAT INQUIRY, unlike so many other publications, called John Anderson to account [August 4 & 18]. In fact, throughout the campaign you have consistently pointed out the hypocrisy and shallowness in this self-styled "campaign of ideas." So many publications are easily duped into taking at face value any candidate who calls himself different, and I am grateful to subscribe to one that doesn't. John Anderson is just the same old sour Republican and Democratic wine in new "independent" bottles—and it still leaves the same lousy aftertaste.

I'm also glad to see your witty and incisive coverage of such politicians as Bob Bullock of Texas and Cliff Finch of Mississippi. Most of the other magazines I subscribe to labor under the sad delusion that the U.S. border extends no further south than Boston.

JOHN C. HENRY
Austin, Texas

Political confusion

ONE OF THE ELEMENTARY stupidities (or dishonesties) of contemporary discourse is the identification of Marxism with Bolshevism, or party dictatorship. J. N. Gray has perpetrated this confusion several times in your pages, most recently in his review of *The Master Thinkers* [September 1]. It would be bootless to endeavor in short (or long) compass to disabuse Gray or the editors of *INQUIRY*; but it is overdue that someone point out that, in this respect, you haven't the faintest idea what you mean.

I will continue to read *INQUIRY* faithfully, nodding my head vigorously half the time and shaking it sadly the other half.

GEORGE SCIALABBA
Cambridge, Mass.

Frauds and imbeciles

ANNE NELSON'S "MISFOR- tune cookies" [August 4 & 18] is a superbly poignant and well-written article worthy of widespread distribution.

These are indeed "not inspiring times" and Ms. Nelson could have included in her selection of nonmodels the visual arts—an area of human endeavor fraught with fraud and imbecility.

RICHARD HOPTNER
Germantown, Penn.

Leave it to the experts

GREG RUSHFORD'S POSITIVE review of William Proxmire's book [September 1] misses one essential point. Senator Proxmire (and Mr. Rushford) are unqualified to evaluate many of the federal expenditures which they criticize.

Senator Proxmire criticizes a study funded by the U.S. Office of Education, for example, because he doesn't understand its purpose. If Senator Proxmire were serious about evaluating the worth of federally supported research studies rather than simply gaining publicity, he would assemble a panel of scientists (not lawyers) to examine grant documents. The sentence he quotes from the USOE grant proposal makes perfect sense to social scientists, the audience to which the proposal was written.

PAUL J. HOPSTOCK
Alexandria, Va.

The sentence to which Mr. Hopstock refers said of a study of television-viewing habits: "In addition, multiple regression analysis and canonical correlation will be used to assess the relationship between the critical viewing skills, on one hand, and on the other, sociodemographic and other variables."—EDITORS

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FIRST AMENDMENT WATCH

NAT HENTOFF

Judicial malice

*IN 1868, A BRITISH JOUR-*nalist wrote of a man acquitted in a murder trial that someone less clever and prosperous would "on the same evidence have been convicted." The journalist was sued for defamation by the judicially exonerated defendant. But the judge in that libel case (*Risk Allah Bey* v. *Whitehurst*) ruled that if a "public writer" believes there has been a miscarriage of justice and that someone has been "let loose when he ought to be suffering punishment," that journalist is discharging a public duty by coming forward and saying what he thinks.

So too in this country, decisions by a judge alone, or by a jury, have not been considered immune from highly skeptical and even sulfurous comment by the press. That someone has been acquitted in a court of law does not necessarily establish the "truth" of the matter. This also holds for convictions. How many people now believe that the Scottsboro Boys were guilty? Juries determine the facts, judges determine the law, but the rest of us are free to determine the truth for ourselves. That includes journalists.

This year, however, an Ohio case, currently heading toward the Supreme Court, may significantly limit press freedoms in this area. According to First Amendment lawyers I have consulted, this is the first case of its kind in American history. Yet, despite the ominous new precedent it sets as to the binding definition of truth in a defamation action against the press, it has hardly been reported outside Ohio. Unless a case is startlingly visible—police searches of newsrooms, the closing of trials to reporters—the press is not a particularly alert guardian of its own freedoms.

The Lorain Journal Company, The News-Herald, and J. Theodore Diadiun v. *Michael Milkovich* began in February 1974 with a wrestling match between Maple Heights High School and Mentor High School. The Maple Heights team was coached by Michael Milkovich, who is so well known in his field that for the purposes of this suit he was held to be a public figure.

When one of the Mentor High School wrestlers was fouled and claimed to be unable to continue, the match was awarded to his team. Thereupon a riot broke out in the Maple Heights gymnasium, and in the spirit of vigorous good sportsmanship, four wrestlers from the visiting team were sent to the hospital.

Covering the match and the unscheduled riot was Ted Diadiun of the Willoughby *News-Herald*. In a series of articles, he criticized Coach Milkovich for fueling the fray. The reporter also wrote about a hearing held by the Board of Control of the Ohio High School Athletic Association at which Milkovich was put on two-year probation and harshly censured for his conduct at the wrestling match and the subsequent riot. The Board of Control also placed the entire Maple Heights team on probation for the 1975–76 school year and ruled it ineligible to compete in the state wrestling tournament. Milkovich and the team appealed twice to the board to mitigate the penalties, and twice they were refused.

AT THIS POINT, PARENTS of the wrestlers filed suit, charging that the Board of Control had not given their sons and the coach full due process protections. Reporter Diadiun did not attend the new hearing in the Franklin County Court of Common Pleas, but he did interview one of those present, Dr. Harold Meyer, commissioner of the Ohio School Athletic Association.

In January 1975, the common pleas court decided that due process had not been given Milkovich and his feisty wrestlers and lifted the team's suspension from that year's state tournament.

Ted Diadiun then wrote a column for the *News-Herald* titled, "Maple beat the law with the 'big lie.'" He noted that the primary job of anyone in a school—from teacher to coach—is to educate the young in more than skills. And what did the students at Maple Heights learn from their wrestling coach? "If you get into a jam, lie your way out." Diadiun accused the coach, among others, of misrepresentation before the Board of Control. These "contradictions and obvious untruths" didn't work there, but a "polished" version of the false story did persuade the judge of the common pleas court, he wrote.

Diadiun again claimed that Milkovich had egged on the crowd at the riot, and charged once more that the coach had lied in court. The reporter ended by asking if that's the kind of lesson "we want our young people learning" from their coaches.

Coach Milkovich sued the reporter and the paper for libel. To win such a suit—since the coach is a public figure—Milkovich would ordinarily have to prove that the article had been published with "actual malice." That is, in the knowledge that it was false, or with reckless disregard for whether it was false or not. (This standard was set first for public officials by the United States Supreme Court in *New York Times* v. *Sullivan*, 1964. It has since been extended to include public figures. The Court's intent was to make it less perilous for the press to engage in "uninhibited, robust, and wide-open" debate on public issues.)

To win his libel suit, the coach ordinarily would have to prove 'actual malice.'

The lower court dismissed the case, holding that Milkovich would be unable to prove "actual malice" on the part of the reporter and his paper. Milkovich appealed to the Ohio Court of Appeals, Eleventh District, which reversed the lower court and ruled that there must be a trial on the defamation suit.

It is the ruling of the Ohio Court of Appeals that makes new law on libel and the First Amendment. The court said the key to the case was that Ted Diadiun

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had called the coach a liar in print *after* "judicial ascertainment of where the truth lay as it concerned the trial in which the alleged lies were supposedly uttered."

He did write with reckless disregard for the truth—for the court's truth, anyway.

In other words, by ending the suspension of Milkovich's team, the common pleas court had clearly shown that it believed his testimony. Diadiun had charged the coach with lying to that court, despite the fact that the judge had found Milkovich to be telling the truth. So, the coach was "exonerated . . . at that time at least . . . by the only recognized arbiter of the truth in our American judicial system, but thereafter was *still* called a liar for the testimony he allegedly gave during that trial." (Emphasis added.)

AND HERE COMES THE NEW chilling effect on the press: "Unless and until the judgment of the Court is overturned on appeal, the determination of what constitutes the truth has been made. Thus any news article written either as fact as a news item, or as opinion, that is published knowing that it conflicts with a judicial determination of the truth, may, in our opinion, be regarded as *a reckless disregard of the truth so as to constitute 'actual malice,' so as to be actionable libel of a public person.*" (Emphasis added.)

At trial, therefore, the coach will, in effect, no longer have the burden of proving "actual malice" on the part of the reporter and the paper. The court of appeals has relieved him of that requirement. Nor can the defendants claim—as has been basic to American free-press law—that the column was "protected opinion." The court of appeals has ruled that even opinion, when contrary to that of a court, is not "the truth."

And, despite a body of American press law that goes back to the John Peter Zenger case, the defendants will not be allowed to claim that what Diadiun printed was true. Since the truth of this case is now only what has already been judicially established in the common pleas court, there is no way they can prove that they printed the truth.

If the United States Supreme Court decides not to grant review of this case in the coming term, the trial will begin. What is left of any possible defense? Well, said the court of appeals, even though the coach no longer has to prove "actual malice," the jury can nonetheless decide that there was no reckless disregard for the truth on the part of the reporter and the paper. But how can it possibly reach that conclusion in the face of the pronouncement that the truth has already been determined by the common pleas court decision—and that Ted Diadiun knew of that decision because he quoted it in his column? Obviously, he wrote in reckless disregard of the truth. Of the court's truth, anyway.

There was one dissenting opinion in the three-judge court of appeals panel. Robert Cook said it was clear that Ted Diadiun "believed his article to be true," and so was protected by the First Amendment no matter what the court of common pleas had decided was the truth. After all, said Cook, quoting *Times* v. *Sullivan*: "It is a prized American privilege to speak one's mind, although not always with perfect good taste, on all public institutions, and this opportunity is to be afforded for vigorous advocacy no less than abstract discussion."

In view of the costs of libel suits, however, this prized American privilege may be further priced out of use if the Ohio decision is not overturned. In his certiorari petition to the Supreme Court in this case, First Amendment paladin Floyd Abrams notes that the Ohio Court of Appeals has eviscerated two principles of libel law that until now have been absolute "in an otherwise generally non-absolutist legal context":

"One is that the expression of opinion is absolutely protected; the other is that the expression of truth is absolutely protected." But if any newspaper article—written as fact or opinion—is to constitute "actual malice" if it knowingly conflicts with a judicial determination of the truth, then both these fundaments of free expression are gravely weakened.

"If the Ohio Court were correct," Abrams continues, "no newspaper could accuse what it believed to be a wrongfully vindicated or acquitted person of a lie, not to say a crime, and defend a libel case on grounds of either opinion or truth, notwithstanding the fact that American and English common law have always permitted such a defense in just such circumstances. . . .

"Moreover, if the lower court opinion were correct, no newspaper could safely voice any supposedly defamatory opinion about a public figure in situations in which a court had expressly or inferentially rendered a favorable decision about that conduct."

THIS IS SOME TIME BOMB of a case. What will the Supreme Court do? It is unlikely to review the case at this stage, since there has not yet been a trial. Presumably, after a trial in which Ted Diadiun and his newspaper are convicted—how could they not be, having been stripped of practically all possible defenses?—the High Court will then look at the case. But there is no guarantee of that either. If it again refuses to review, First Amendment law in Ohio will remain in its newly shrunken condition. And in other states, other judges hostile to the press may well decide to emulate the Ohio court.

The case also demonstrates, once more, that with First Amendment freedoms subject to the law of libel, that law takes on more and more of the composition of quicksand. Sixteen years ago, *Times* v. *Sullivan* was acclaimed as a striking free-press advance because it made it more difficult for public officials (and later public figures) to win libel suits. But even at the time, there were doubts. Justices Black and Douglas, for instance, claimed that the "actual malice"

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provision should be omitted entirely because, said Black, "An unconditional right to say what one pleases about public affairs is what I consider to be the minimum guarantee of the First Amendment."

Justice Goldberg was also disturbed. In a concurring opinion in *Times* v. *Sullivan,* he brooded about the looseness of "actual malice," fearing it could lead to damages being imposed "upon a jury's evaluation of a speaker's state of mind." And indeed, in *Herbert* v. *Lando* (1979), the Supreme Court ruled that in order to prove "actual malice" plaintiffs now have the right to actively probe a defendant's "state of mind."

Also in 1979 ("Libel Law: New Thorns in the Thicket," September 10, 1979), the Court greatly constricted the definition of a public figure, thereby increasing the number of newsworthy figures who no longer need to prove "actual malice," anyway, in order to win an action for defamation.

Justice Black was premature in his declaration (*Curtis Publishing Company* v. *Butts,* 1967) that the *Times* v. *Sullivan* "rule concerning libel is wholly inadequate to save the press from being destroyed by libel judgments." But such libel judgments have risen precipitously since then, and they are likely to continue at an even greater rate as courts find new ways to encroach on the First Amendment. As in the Ohio case.

And Black was certainly prescient, in that same 1967 assault on libel law, when he said: "It strikes me that the Court is getting itself in the same quagmire in the field of libel in which it is now helplessly struggling in the field of obscenity. No one, including this Court, can know what is and what is not constitutionally obscene or libelous under this Court's rulings. Today, the Court will not give the First Amendment its natural and obvious meaning by holding that a law which seriously menaces the very life of press freedom violates the First Amendment."

Because the Court has sunk much deeper in that quagmire in recent years, Black's solution is all the more pertinent: "I think it is time for this Court to abandon *New York Times Co.* v. *Sullivan* and adopt the rule to the effect that the First Amendment was intended to leave the press free from the harassment of libel judgments."

Until there is no more libel law, we shall have more crushing footnotes to the First Amendment like the one newly established by the Court of Appeals of Ohio.

DISPATCH

NICK THIMMESCH

Israel's point man in Lebanon

MAJOR SAAD HADDAD commands the tough cadre of Christian militiamen, supplied and financed by Israel, that has carved out an enclave in war-ravaged southern Lebanon. He is lean; his face is taut and unsmiling. He roams the shell-pocked countryside and villages of the region he is audacious and proud enough to call "Free Lebanon." He uses that name defiantly, as though he were a warlord ready to spring loose on the rest of the country.

He has fought many battles, seen countless dead bodies, and been wounded several times—usually by PLO fire. With his field cap, khakis, and fur-lined jacket he still looks like the Lebanese Army major he once was. He packs a .45 and keeps a chip on his shoulder.

Haddad was in a feisty mood the day I talked with him in Israel's northernmost town, Metullah, which is a staging area for both Israeli and United Nations forces—an odd combination.

"Why you let PLO and Syria be in Lebanon?" he asked me, in a demanding voice, as though I were President Carter himself. "Why you against peace between Lebanon and Israel? By helping Sarkis [Lebanon's president] and Syrians, you are helping PLO, you are stopping peace. You continue this way, Camp David agreement will fall!"

Haddad argued that Sarkis is tolerant of the PLO, therefore aid to Lebanon is aid to the PLO. The PLO gets none of this aid, of course, but Haddad only shook his head when I told him that. When he mentioned aid to Syria, I told him U.S. aid to Syria was cut to $5 million in 1979 and to nothing in 1980. He just shook his head again.

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Major Haddad's confused and misdirected anger reflects the chaotic condition of this once peaceful but now tragic nation. Hilly, scenic southern Lebanon has become a pathetic shooting gallery, ravaged by artillery fire and emptied of much of its population.

Much of this trouble began when the PLO, having been forcibly evicted from Jordan by King Hussein in 1971, camped uninvited in Lebanon to regroup and develop staging areas for guerrilla raids on Israel. The PLO is there simply because there is no Palestinian state. Unable to return to their former homes in territories now controlled by Israel, and left to fester in Lebanon, the PLO makes few friends, and does what every dedicated nationalist group does when it sees itself as a liberating force—it resorts to violence and terrorism.

The PLO presence in Lebanon prompted an edgy Israel to respond with all manner of bombing, naval, and land raids, which it justified by citing the numbers of Israelis killed by terrorists. The reality is that more civilians are killed in Lebanon in any given year by Israeli bombing and shelling than by "Arab terrorism" in the entire 1967–77 period.

'Why you let PLO and Syria be in Lebanon?' Haddad asked me, as though I were President Carter himself.

As for the Syrians, who have always coveted Lebanese soil, they arrived as peacemakers during the worst of the civil war and wound up shooting at everybody. It was inevitable. Lebanon, an aggrieved, bleeding nation, is splintered into armed factions that are quick to attack anybody with contrary views. Southern Lebanon is the staging ground for the PLO, Christian Nationalists, Phalangists, a beleaguered United Nations peacekeeping force, and Haddad's militiamen—any one of which can commandeer roads, claim territory, shoot people, and defy the weak central government.

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He strikes at any force coming near—Syrian, PLO, or UN—and the Israelis cheer him on.

*MAJOR HADDAD IS PER-*haps the most interesting of Lebanon's ideological buccaneers. The Lebanese government condemns him as a renegade traitor, the PLO scorns him as a stooge of the Israelis, and the Israelis describe him as a courageous ally. He is, in fact, a commander in the regular Lebanese Army who fought in southern Lebanon during the 1975–76 civil war and eventually found himself boxed in by the Syrians and the PLO. He was born into a middle-class Greek Catholic family (his birthdate is listed by official sources as either 1937 or 1940). His birthplace in southern Lebanon was not far from the present location of his "Free Lebanon" headquarters. He was well-educated at the private Patrich School in Beirut, and graduated from the Fayyadiyah Military Academy, Lebanon's West Point, in 1960.

Haddad continued his military training in France, then commanded a battalion from 1961 to 1976. In 1974 he took the infantry officers' advanced course at the U.S. Army infantry school at Fort Benning, Georgia, and he completed the motor-officer course at the army's Fort Knox armor school in February 1975.

Even his enemies salute Haddad for his strength. In July 1975, he was commissioned by the Lebanese government to lead the Klaia Brigade, based in southern Lebanon, near Marjayoun. He fought on the government (Christian militia) side of the 1975–76 civil war and became the local hero. He was wounded several times, and some claim he was even wounded by the Israelis, though given Haddad's present arrangements, that report is now difficult to verify.

As the war worsened, the PLO and the Syrians surrounded him on the north and the east. The Israeli border was only ten to fifteen miles away. Then in March 1978, the Israeli army invaded southern Lebanon in force. "Operation Litani," as the Israelis called it, was supposed to clear southern Lebanon of PLO and other anti-Israeli leftist forces. When Israeli troops plunged into Lebanon that spring, Haddad was a man both frustrated and angry at the clutter of "outside" Arabs in his homeland. One story has it that he was so happy to see the Israelis he refueled their motorized equipment.

Though Haddad's relations with Lebanon's central government were deteriorating in the 1976–77 period, he was still receiving paychecks and some supplies until that Israeli invasion. Even after he helped the Israelis, the government did not cut him off. But when, on April 18, 1979, Haddad declared "Free Lebanon," President Sarkis branded him a renegade.

Since that time, Haddad, wanted for "high treason" by the weak Lebanese government, has ruled a 270-square-mile enclave. He has struck at, and inflicted considerable casualties on, any forces coming near—whether Syrians, PLO, or United Nations. The Israelis cheer him on and supply his regulars and militia with weapons, ammunition, equipment, fuel, food, and money.

On the face of it, Haddad appears to be a dangerous man whose mission is to conquer all Lebanon and become its right-wing strong man. "The people of Lebanon are waiting for me," he insists, "all of them. When I finish, all Lebanon will be liberated. I am sure I can do it. Then Lebanon will again be the gate to the Middle East."

But his Lebanese friends say he was known as a shy, quiet fellow, more adept in military than academic or philosophic matters. "Haddad feels very protective of the people in his home area," one explained. "He became very frustrated over the way Beirut neglected southern Lebanon, and the way the PLO and Syrians tyrannized the area. So he went after them, and when his only help was from the Israelis, he allied himself with them, just to continue protecting his people. He is a man possessed now."

This friend of his and others I have talked with in Washington confide that while they feel no friendship for Israel, they don't blame Haddad for what he is doing. "I would probably do the same thing if I were him," one Lebanese said. "The people in southern Lebanon have been brutalized by the PLO and Syrians."

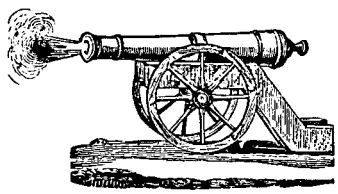
INDEED, THE PLO IS A state within a state in Lebanon, and this fact explains much of the public support for Haddad. Though he is an outlaw, many Lebanese admire him because he is fighting the outsiders (his Israeli supporters excepted). The Lebanese government keeps talking about sending its troops to the south to replace the Syrians, but it isn't strong enough to do so.

Haddad has stepped into this power vacuum. Cut off from Beirut, the self-proclaimed ruler of "Free Lebanon" has become increasingly itchy to get at his enemies. In rages reminiscent of George S. Patton, he thunders that he wants all outside forces chased out of Lebanon—PLO and Syrians alike. He promises his Israeli supporters that no PLO or other marauders will get through his lines into Israel.

Israeli military leaders regard Haddad's forces as their buffer against the PLO, but they don't make any predictions about his future behavior. They must therefore exercise control over him by their distribution of weapons, supplies, and money. Haddad does not have a blank check. He somehow blames the United States for Israel's refusal to unleash him completely.

"I want to see America change attitude," he said, "and tell Syria to leave Lebanon to the Lebanese. Give them red light, not green. Tell PLO to go to other Arab countries. Why not PLO go to Syria, Kuwait, Jordan, Saudia Arabia, or even United States? Why you not invite PLO to U.S.? . . .

"You get PLO and Syria out, and let nature take its course. The PLO will run



before the Syrians, they will get back to Syria before the Syrians get home. Everybody here wants PLO out. Sixty percent of my people are Shiites and they want PLO out, too. The Shiites didn't know dignity or security until I came here. They know I am Christian."

Though Haddad is described as a right-wing Christian, half his regular forces and militiamen are Shiite Moslems of the sort who propelled Ayatollah Khomeini into power in Iran. Their views were reflected when Iranian Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh announced in Beirut that his revolutionary

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government was backing Lebanon's Shiites against anyone who tried to "usurp their land and homes," and called on Palestinians to "understand the problems of the Shiites in Lebanon." There are 950,000 Shiites in Lebanon, mostly in the south, and, like Haddad, they are fed up with the PLO and the Syrians. They sympathize with the Palestinian cause, but don't like what the PLO has done to their fields and property. So they are mostly loyal to Haddad. This situation produces several oddities: Israeli currency is accepted in Shiite villages, and Christian Lebanese hate their fellow Catholics if they come in the form of Irish or French soldiers serving in UN battalions.

In fact, Haddad reserves his most bitter contempt for the UN forces. When his artillery is not pounding villages in southern Lebanon that are strongholds of the PLO or left-wing Moslem groups, his militia delights in firing mortar shells on Irish UN troops near the village of Al Tiri. After Palestinian guerrillas raided a kibbutz in April, some 250 Israeli troops and 30 armored cars entered Haddad's "Free Lebanon" to retaliate. The Israelis and Haddad charged that the Irish UN contingent helped the Palestinians, but Israel, not wanting to attack UN forces, left the Irish for Haddad to deal with.

When a young Shiite was killed by Irish troops during a confrontation, his family vowed vengeance. Though they were Haddad's militiamen, they were probably acting as family members getting even when they ambushed a UN patrol car, killing two Irish soldiers and wounding others. Fijian UN units were also attacked. Haddad's regulars captured nine other Irish soldiers whom Haddad threatened to execute if their "whisky army," as he called it, didn't leave Lebanon.

*TENSION INCREASED DRA*matically when Haddad's men machine-gunned the armored vehicle carrying the deputy commander of the UN forces, a Norwegian brigadier general. He and other passengers—a U.S. Army officer on observation duty, a senior UN official, and the commander of the Irish UN battalion—escaped injury but were shaken up. The Israelis were shaken up, too, by the realization that this knot of distinguished visitors could have been wiped out with one burst of fire by the troops of their man in Lebanon.

Since the nine-nation UN force entered the region as a consequence of "Operation Litani," Israel has been in the position of offending and even being held responsible for the deaths and injuries of soldiers of nominally pro-Israeli nations. The Netherlands is one; Norway is another. Ireland bore no malice toward Israel. Relations between Israel and the nations represented in the UN forces have cooled considerably in the past two years. Officers of these forces feel that since Haddad keeps shooting at them, as well as at the PLO, UN casualties are inevitable, and the area continues to be unstable. So far, some 60 UN soldiers have been killed and another 200 wounded, some seriously. Haddad, the Israelis' surrogate, usually gets the blame.

But wherever Haddad goes, an Israeli officer is sure to follow. On the day of our interview, it was Lieutenant Colonel Yoram Mizrachi, an Iraqi Jew who migrated to Israel and became liaison to Haddad. Whether Haddad is a true friend to the Israelis is open to question, but he takes all he can get from them, and besides serving their military purposes, is a willing megaphone for their side.

"You Americans criticize Israelis for air strikes in Lebanon," he told me scornfully. "Air strikes necessary, aimed at PLO artillery. Sarkis has no right to say Israel making aggression against Lebanon. Why doesn't U.S. campaign against Russian-made rockets and guns? Are you afraid of them? Why?"

Unless the United States takes some action, Haddad claimed, "Lebanon will be annexed to Syria. The Russians are with Syria. All other Arab nations here will ask to be under Communist Syrian rule. Sadat and agreement will be gone. There will be big war between Israel and Arabic countries. The other way, the right way, is go get PLO out. Syrians won't like them in their country. Then *coup d'état* in Syria and new rule. These things must happen soon. I would like it to happen today."

Haddad pounded his fist on the table with the last declaration. He wanted action. He was angry that U.S. officials wouldn't allow Israel to give him American ammunition and armor. (The Israelis equip and fund him, but claim the equipment was purchased before enactment of the U.S. law prohibiting pass-through use of military equipment supplied by the United States.)

Haddad saw that I wasn't completely convinced. He looked straight at me again, sitting erect and leaning forward. "You Americans are afraid from the oil," he said, accusingly. "Be strong enough and the oil will keep running! Arabs want food, wheat, money. They will crawl to you. Be strong."

A good military commander he may be, but Haddad's political acumen is questionable. He blusters with the insecurity of a man cornered in his home area, and beset by all manner of outsiders. He lacks any wider political vision. He doesn't see that the answer lies not in shelling Palestinian villages, but in giving the Palestinians back their homeland. He serves Israel's purposes, but this marriage of convenience could be a shaky one. Though Haddad appears on Israeli radio and TV, sets his wristwatch on Israeli time, and greets strangers with "Shalom," some Israelis feel that he could eventually cause Israel more trouble than he is presently worth.

In any case, Major Saad Haddad keeps churning the turf of southern Lebanon, where too much turf has already been churned by the artillery of a dozen nations, where too many crops have been destroyed, and where too much blood has been spilled. ❏

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THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC HAPPINESS MACHINE

By MARY MEEHAN

*IT'S LIKE BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME*one's split-pea soup!" My neighbor was talking about our miserable, muggy weather during the hottest July on record. But her words came to mind several weeks later when I started reading the Democratic platform of 1980. It is like split-pea soup through which some of us, for our sins, are condemned to swim. We outfit ourselves with diving gear, stay under for short periods only, and come up for long gulps of fresh air.

But beauty is, after all, in the eye of the beholder. For those who think big government is jim-dandy, and the more of it the better, the Democratic platform is a great happiness machine, the greatest ever, with enough goodies for everyone who knows where to look for them.

Other metaphors come to mind. The platform includes a thorough inventory of minority groups. Occasionally a majority is mentioned, usually as an afterthought. More typical are: "The Democratic Party pledges itself to advance minority businesses, including Black, Hispanic, Asian/Pacific Americans, Native Americans and other minorities . . ." and the call for more job and job-training programs "for those who have special problems—groups such as the young, veterans, older workers, minorities, those with limited fluency in English, and the handicapped." So often is the litany repeated that one senses how deeply the Democrats depend on the continuation of the minority groups' many problems. What will happen to the Democratic party if the minorities become totally self-reliant?

Needless to say, the 1980 platform does not contemplate such a frightening possibility. Far from it. The Democrats are as ingenious as ever in thinking of new problems and new solutions. The 1980 platform is a Sears catalog, offering more wares than you can imagine. Even if you don't belong to a minority, they may have something for you. Do you have a consumer problem? They're offering an independent consumer-protection agency. And money for consumers and small businesses to participate in regulatory proceedings. And at least seven other items. But that is just one of many, many planks promising many, many dollars to ease your problems and meet your needs, possibly including some you didn't know you had. The draft of the 1980 platform—even before Tip O'Neill gaveled through the $12 billion Kennedy jobs plank—ran to 114 pages. The only thing the government will not do under the Democrats is shrink in size.

At one point in their pronouncement the Democrats make a rather startling admission: "We do not claim that government has all the answers to our problems. . . ." But this timid concession comes early in the game. If you slog through the entire platform, you will be hard-pressed to find a problem they believe government cannot solve. And when they run into an occasional puzzler, like inflation, they stand back, scratch their heads, and say, Gosh! How did that ever happen? They think for a moment or two; then a giant light bulb goes on: Of course—the Republicans did it! It's all their fault. Thus: "Most of these problems we inherited. Eight years of Republican politics left this nation weak, rudderless, unrespected and deeply divided."

The Great Wallendas never tried a more delicate balancing act. The Democrats are trying to convince us that we were in absolutely terrible shape in 1976 (despite Democratic control of Congress), that things have improved greatly in the past four years, but that we're still in such terrible shape as to need the Democrats in there to fix up all the problems the Republicans left behind four years ago. It's standard partisan rhetoric, yet it enables the Democrats to continue avoiding all the basic problems of government. It allows them to offer us a Sears

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catalog and a happiness machine instead of a philosophy.

Much has been made of the differences between Jimmy Carter and Teddy Kennedy over several of the economic planks. Certainly there were differences. Carter has never been as big a spender as Kennedy, mainly because Carter has had the chastening experience of meeting a payroll. But this year's federal deficit, currently estimated at roughly $60 billion, and next year's budget, currently estimated at $633 billion, certainly shore up Carter's record in the big-spending contest. And Carter's acceptance of several Kennedy planks

The Democrats so love to fund good works that it never occurs to them to ask why a telephone operator should have to subsidize a sculptor or a novelist.

on economics suggests that the much-advertised fight between the two was as serious as when:

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

For all of the criticism which the $12 billion Kennedy jobs plank has received, it does have one virtue: It carries a price tag. That is more than can be said of most parts of the Democratic happiness machine. Here were the Carterites, trying to tiptoe around all of the contradictions in the platform, promising to restrain inflation and also promising more and better government programs of all kinds—and the Kennedy party-poopers insisted on pinning a price tag on the donkey.

I hope that economists will start coming up with price tags for the rest of the platform. Perhaps the more imaginative Democrats among them can also explain how inflation will ever subside if guaranteeing a job for every American able to work is to be "our single highest domestic priority." Under what may fairly be called the Kennedy Doctrine, the Democrats promise to "take no action whose effect will be a significant increase in unemployment, no fiscal action, no monetary action, no budgetary action. . . ." How could any administration control a budget or any other aspect of government under such a doctrine?

The education plank is a good case study in platform politics and a good explanation of why the Big Rock Candy Mountain in Washington keeps growing. In 1976 the National Education Association, the largest teachers' union in the country, endorsed Jimmy Carter for President and then spent over $400,000 on Carter's behalf. By all accounts, the NEA investment paid off handsomely. Federal aid to education increased by leaps and bounds under Carter—a 73 percent increase, according to the Democrats. Even better, the NEA won its own captive cabinet department—the new Department of Education. (In the old days, first a department was created; then the dominant interest groups took it over. Now interest groups create their own departments.)

This year the NEA plunged again into presidential politics, paying off its IOUs to Carter and collecting new ones from him at the same time. About 300 NEA members were elected delegates to the Democratic convention, the overwhelming majority of them pledged to Carter. At the convention, NEA president Willard McGuire proved that he could be as tough as any ward boss. He told his delegates that the NEA's policy-making body had voted to back Carter on the "open convention" rules fight. Further, reported the *Washington Post*, "He reminded them that they had been offered expense accounts and interest-free loans to come to New York and told them that they had not come here to act independently or in contravention of their policy instructions." And, "To insure that they vote right, he appointed twenty-four regional whips and headcounters to monitor their performance on the convention floor."

One suspects that the NEA did this not just for the love of Jimmy. The platform promises them "a steady increase" in federal aid to education, compensatory programs for minorities, concentration grants for remedial instruction, bilingual programs, more support for vocational and technical education, and "teacher centers" in every state. Best of all, there will be no challenge to the NEA's virtual monopoly on public education; the platform contains no tax relief for private schools. There is a nod toward private schools that do not discriminate racially, but the language is hard to decipher: ". . . the Party will continue to advocate constitutionally permissible federal education legislation which provides for the equitable participation in federal programs of all low and moderate income pupils." I don't know what this means, but it clearly does not mean tuition tax credits.

WHILE THE NEA MARCHES ON TO higher and richer vistas, so do the practitioners of the arts and the humanities. The platform tells us that the arts and humanities "are a precious national resource." Like other resources, of course, they must be subsidized by the feds. The platform boasts that the budgets of the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities "have increased substantially" since the Carter administration took office. That is certainly true: The two endowments now cost taxpayers over $300 million a year. The money goes to opera companies, orchestras, sculptors, painters, poets, novelists, scholars, and other toilers in the vineyards of culture.

So enthusiastic are the Democrats over funding good works from the public treasury that it never occurs to them to ask why a telephone operator should be forced to subsidize a sculptor or novelist. Tax money is not a contribution from grateful citizens to their government. It is money taken by force or threat of force. Anyone who doubts this should consult tax protesters who have gone to prison for their trouble. Or middle-class taxpayers who, even at subsidized rates, cannot afford tickets to cultural events. Is it fair that they be compelled to foot the bill for the leisure pursuits of the wealthy?

One might also ask whether government subsidies are good for the arts. Last year I spoke with a friend about the government-subsidized poetry appearing in many of our local buses. We agreed that the poetry provided a welcome relief from the many commercial ads in the same buses. But, my friend wondered, suppose that the United States were still involved in Vietnam. Would antiwar poetry appear in those government-subsidized spots? Doubtful. Is it possible to have government subsidy of the arts without substantial government influence? Very doubtful.

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WHEN THERE ARE THE WELFARE PROGRAMS. They have so often been attacked from an antipoor or antiblack perspective that I feel obliged to make a couple of points at the outset. First, I personally believe that we have an obligation in justice to aid those who cannot aid themselves. Many of the people aided by current welfare programs do not fall into that category, however, and most of the welfare cheats I have known have been white, middle-class people who have drawn unemployment compensation when they were not looking for work and had no intention of looking for work. Over the past ten years, I have known seven or eight people who have done this. One of them, an aspiring singer, told me that New York artists regard unemployment comp as the major government subsidy for the arts. This makes me a little skeptical about the monthly unemployment figures. Joblessness clearly is a severe problem for some people in our country, especially during a recession. It is time to suggest that unemployment compensation, as presently administered, is actually increasing unemployment.

The Democratic platform, of course, calls for expanding unemployment comp "to all wage and salary workers" and extending the period during which benefits may be drawn—never suspecting, apparently, that some of the unemployed remain that way only because they are receiving benefits. As with other parts of the platform, the Democrats play "I've Got a Secret" when it comes to price tags. And with good reason: The existing unemployment compensation program will cost roughly $18 billion this fiscal year and $27 billion the next.

The Democrats have long since transferred their welfare mentality to entire industries, and the 1980 platform promises more of the same: aid to the auto industry, aid to the maritime industry, protection of workers and industries against "unfair import competition." Although the Democrats call for stronger antitrust enforcement and more competition in the regulated industries, they seem unable to deal with the kind of competition that actually results in winners and losers. In this they are like the Dodo in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* when everyone was asking who had won a race: "This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it stood for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead. . . . At last the Dodo said '*Everybody* has won, and *all* must have prizes.'"

The platform is vague about the nature of future aid to the auto industry, though the Chrysler rescue plan may provide a clue. And a few weeks before the convention, President Carter promised $1 billion in relief to a summit conference of auto industry leaders. A key part of the Carter plan is the formation of a committee of industry, labor, and government representatives to plan an aid program. This is supposed to be a feature of what Carter calls a "very close-knit, permanent partnership" between the government and the auto industry. Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's top adviser on domestic affairs, has said that the auto committee may serve as a "model for industrial policymaking in the 1980s." (It might also have served as a model for Italian industrial policymaking in the 1930s, which frightens some of us; but never mind.) Carter started to carry out his threat on August 28, when he announced his umpteenth economic program and said he would create a business/labor Economic Revitalization Board.

I do not know whether most of the auto industry's problems have been caused by government regulation, as the auto companies suggest, or by the industry's own stupidity, as many of its critics charge, or both. But this question is irrelevant. It is difficult to understand the point of competition if, always and everywhere, everybody wins and all must have prizes. Beyond that, we have come to a point where the government actually goes out of its way to reward poor management. There is also the matter of fairness. If we are going to rescue the big failures, how about the small ones? Maybe Sam's Barbershop and Zelda's Carryout would also like a "permanent partnership" with the government, but I doubt that they will get it.

Finally, the administration's efforts to prop up the auto industry provide a striking example of how the government often works against its own alleged policies. For several years, the Carter administration has called for cutbacks in oil consumption as part of the answer to energy problems and to U.S. dependence on foreign oil. It has even constructed a Rube Goldberg sort of machine that is supposed to reduce consumption. A simple refusal to bail out the auto industry might do more to cut back oil consumption than anything else. So what does Carter propose to do? Bail out the auto industry. And hope that the United Auto Workers will help bail out his bid for reelection.

They call for more competition in regulated industries, but the Democrats can't seem to deal with the kind of competition that actually results in winners and losers.

Regulation is one issue on which foes of big government can find limited consolation in the Democratic platform. Calling for deregulation of "over-regulated industries," the platform declares that government regulation "serves too often to entrench high price levels and stifle competition." It points with pride to airline deregulation under the Democrats, claiming that this has saved consumers over $2.5 billion, and it calls for deregulation of the trucking industry. In a sense, this is wonderful chutzpah on the part of the Democrats; they are claiming credit for eliminating problems that they created in the first place. It is as though a mugger, distressed by the terrible appearance of his victim, takes the victim to a hospital, and then puts in for a Good Samaritan Award.

Opponents of big government do not have so many allies in any fight that they can afford to carp too much about past records. But they should be wary of Democrats bearing gifts. The party has certainly not given up on regulation altogether. It is still needed, according to the platform, "to protect consumers and providers in the areas of health, safety, and the environment," but the goal is to "make regulation less intrusive and more effective." (Good game if you can do it.) The platform also calls for eliminating "those delays, layers of review, and litigation that unduly tie up the process." This language sounds ominous to anyone who has ever fought a lonely defense against the feds, because delay and litigation are often the citizen's only weapons. The Democrats do not worry about whether Congress should delegate its lawmaking authorities to agencies that are not accountable to the voters. And they ignore the due-process implications of agencies having both executive and judicial powers, a problem well

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summarized by William F. Bagley, former chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission: "When the town marshal hauls you to the village justice court for a traffic violation and you suddenly find that the marshal is also the town administrator, doubles as the justice of the peace, and gets credit for his convictions, you are in trouble."

The platform's references to regulation show that the Democrats have made a little progress, but the references to efficiency in government are truly pathetic. In 1977 the Carter crew came charging into Washington, all fired up with visions of reorganizing the government and making it efficient. It is poignant to recall that the Democratic platform on which their man had been elected actually spoke of "the right to competent government" as a basic citizen's right.

After spending dozens of pages creating new government programs the Democrats are content with a mere nine paragraphs about free speech and other such frills.

Between the log-rolling abilities of groups like the NEA and the sheer inertia of the bureaucracy, the battle was over soon after it started. Carter did a little tinkering with the civil service system, and probably scared some bureaucrats right down to their fingertips by threatening to achieve efficiency. But when the smoke had cleared, very little had changed. In fact, instead of cutting back on government, the reorganizers actually gave us two brand-new cabinet departments, Energy and Education, along with a net increase of 57,000 federal employees in the first thirty months of the Carter administration. Indeed the 1980 platform plank on government management claims progress, but not very specifically. It says that more progress is needed, but does not even mention the words "reorganization" or "zero-based budgeting."

The Democrats seem unable to acknowledge forthrightly that the government has grown so huge that no one can control it—not the President, not Congress, and certainly not the people. Indirectly, however, they do suggest this in an obscure paragraph on "farmer involvement" tucked away in the agriculture plank. "There is a continuing need," say the Democrats, "to devise better ways of involving people in the decisions of their government, particularly in those decisions that have direct and important effects on their lives." This statement is at once annoying in its condescension, worrisome in its failure to understand the Constitution, and pitiful in its admission of helplessness. In some ways it is the most damning statement in the entire platform.

After spending dozens of pages enumerating the government's rights to set up new programs, the Democrats are content with nine paragraphs about the rights of individuals to free speech and other such frills. The civil liberties section is a scant four paragraphs. Under heavy pressure from civil libertarian groups, the Democrats did call for charters to limit the CIA and FBI, and revision of criminal and military justice codes, but the rest of the plank is a laundry list of minor steps currently fashionable among liberals, like grand jury reform. (There is no reference in the civil liberties plank to another section of the platform in which the party endorses the use of double jeopardy. When civil rights violations are alleged, Democrats say, the Justice Department should "move concurrently with federal prosecutors so that if a failure to obtain conviction takes place at the state or local level, federal prosecution can occur swiftly." It is not conceivable to them that a "failure to obtain conviction" might take place because the accused is innocent.) The privacy plank is five paragraphs long and it, too, is flimsy. It concludes by calling for government funding of abortion, which hardly shows respect for the "privacy" of taxpaying citizens who would be compelled to finance what they consider a fundamental moral evil.

Even the useful parts of those two planks amount to Band-Aids for cancer. The Democrats cannot face the fundamental threat to civil liberties posed by their gargantuan government. They make themselves believe that we can have a huge government which is strictly benevolent. A little privacy legislation here, an intelligence charter there, and everything is solved. They ignore the warnings of their earliest heroes—Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, James Madison—against the dangers of governmental power. And if they ignore their own prophets, they can hardly be expected to remember the great French writer, Alexis de Tocqueville, who warned of a government that works for the happiness of its people but "chooses to be the sole agent and the only arbiter of that happiness: it provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances—what remains, but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living?"

Tocqueville added that such a government "covers the surface of society with a network of small complicated rules, minute and uniform. . . . The will of man is not shattered, but softened, bent, and guided: men are seldom forced by it to act, but they are constantly restrained from acting: such a power does not destroy, but it prevents existence; it does not tyrannize, but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes, and stupefies a people, till each nation is reduced to be nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd." What the Democrats are really offering is Jimmy Carter for shepherd.

AND FOR ALL ETERNITY THE SHEPHERDS will be Democrats, too, if they can just "reform" the election laws a bit more. The platform tells us that two spectacular efforts to rig elections—limits on campaign contributions and public subsidies for major-party presidential candidates—"are two reforms which have worked very well." They have worked well—at freezing minority parties out of the electoral mainstream. Now, the Democrats say, we need lower contribution limits for political action committees and public subsidies of congressional campaigns. The Democrats also declare that we should "close the loophole that allows private spending in presidential elections contrary to the intent of the election law reforms." This is a reference to spending done independently of a campaign, which even the Supreme Court has said cannot constitutionally be limited. There is a new political button around Washington these days: "The First Amendment Is Not a Loophole."

Even the military and foreign-policy planks of the 1980 platform show the same paternalism that pervades the domestic planks. There are scattered signs of hope, as when the

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Democrats say they have a "firm commitment" to nonintervention in Latin America. It's good to know that not every candidate intends to blockade Cuba. But under Democratic doctrine, what is good for Latin America is not necessarily good for the Middle East: "The Democratic Administration will also take needed measures to protect American interests in the Persian Gulf, including energy security, regional stability, and national independence. This will require sophisticated diplomacy as well as military capability. We will seek both to counter external threats and to encourage necessary political and economic development. . . ." This is about as broad-based and open-ended a commitment as any American President ever declared for Vietnam.

The platform includes the usual obeisance to America's "profound moral obligation to sustain and assure the security of Israel," but does not explain whence that moral obligation comes or how far it extends. Israel itself appears to have no moral obligations except to continue the lackadaisical Camp David negotiations. While the Begin government plants more settlers on the West Bank (as England long ago pursued the disastrous plantation policy from which Northern Ireland still suffers) and claims full sovereignty over Jerusalem, some of us begin to wonder what is left to negotiate.

Not only do the Democrats fail to mention the settlements, not only do they call for moving the U.S. embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem as a sign of support for Menachem Begin's suicidal policy: They also boast of the billions of dollars of U.S. military and economic aid to Israel. And they promise that they will "not use our aid to Israel as a bargaining tool." This is a remarkably dumb statement—and one that Carter echoed in his speech accepting renomination. It is the kind of demagoguery that may one day result in American troops fighting in the Middle East, not for the oil companies, but for Israeli control of Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria—in fulfillment of prayers that cannot even be said aloud in our own public schools. In America, we have separation of church and state; in the Middle East, we meddle in ancient religious quarrels we do not even understand.

TRUE FRIENDS OF ISRAEL, INSTEAD OF weighing it down with still more weapons, would try to restrain its militarism. But the Democratic party is not in a very good position to do this, since it has a bad case of militarism of its own. This tone appears frequently in the Democratic platform, sometimes unconsciously—as when it talks about "targeting" programs—and sometimes not so subtly. The platform complains that "the Nixon-Ford Administration presided over a steady decline of 33 percent in real U.S. military spending between 1968 and 1976"—which suggests that military spending should not have gone down after the Vietnam War finally ended. It boasts that "there has been a real increase in our defense spending in every year since 1976," necessary to compensate for the alleged military decline under Nixon and Ford. It goes on to praise the MX, Trident, and cruise missile programs and promises deployment of "long-range theater nuclear forces in Europe," euphemistic jargon for missiles loaded with nuclear bombs and aimed at the USSR. We should not be surprised; a happiness machine must offer something for the generals, too.

Despite all of this, the Democrats assure us that they still favor arms control. "Disarmament" is no longer a fashionable word for them, though at one point they call for "drastic reductions" of nuclear weapons. But nowhere do they say, as they did in 1976, that the United States should work toward the elimination of nuclear weapons. With Ronald Reagan as an opponent, this apparently is considered too radical to say out loud—perhaps too radical to think about. In any case, they promise to work for ratification of SALT II, which actually raises the ceilings on some superpower weapons, and then—heaven help us—to work for SALT III. Simple citizens cannot help wondering occasionally if we weren't better off before the SALT negotiations started.

Since we are not too many years away from the Democrats' "best and brightest" who brought us the war in Vietnam, we might expect the Democrats to have a little humility. But the last sentence of the platform brings to mind former senator J. William Fulbright's phrase, "the arrogance of power." Ending with a flourish, the Democrats say: "We are restoring America to its rightful place, not only as the strongest nation in the world, but as the nation which is the champion of human justice and freedom." Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon could not have said it better.

The platform contains the sort of demagoguery that may one day result in U.S. troops fighting in the Middle East for Israeli control of Jerusalem and Judea.

In conclusion, two warnings—one for the voters and one for the Democrats. First, for the voters: It is often said that party platforms have no meaning, are not worth the paper they are written on, and so forth. Unfortunately, this is really not the case. Indeed, parties often follow their platforms more faithfully than Presidents follow their stump speeches on the campaign trail. Some people still complain that Lyndon Johnson, after promising in the 1964 campaign not to send American troops into combat in Vietnam, did precisely that after he was elected. But the Democratic platform of 1964 pledged "unflagging devotion to our commitments to freedom, from Berlin to South Vietnam." It also bragged about increases in weaponry and troops under the Democrats: a 150 percent increase in the number of nuclear weapons, a 45 percent increase in the number of combat-ready army divisions, an 800 percent increase in the special forces. The nuclear weapons have not been used—yet. We remember how the troops were used.

Second, for the Democrats, about their happiness machine: In Ray Bradbury's novel *Dandelion Wine,* a good but slightly eccentric man named Leo Auffmann decided to build a happiness machine. It wasn't really for himself, but for his family and neighbors. (It lacked the bristling defenses the Democrats have built around their happiness machine; it had no missiles or bombs.) Auffmann's wife was skeptical about the machine from the beginning, but finally decided to try it out. "Which button do I press," she asked, "to be overjoyed, grateful, contented, and much-obliged?" She enjoyed the machine for a short time, but then concluded that its happiness was illusory, that it was really a "sadness machine." Soon afterwards, the machine caught fire and burned to the ground. The Auffmann family was much happier without it. ❑

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NAKED CITIES

In which we report on the aftermath of big-boss politics in one great metropolis and the new face of federal pork-barreling in another.

Washington: Home Rule on the Take

By ALAN CRAWFORD

A few weeks ago the city council of Washington, D.C., resolved to honor an old and loyal friend: Charles Diggs. Representative Diggs, as Mark Russell observed recently, is a very "appealing" guy: Not too long ago the Michigan Democrat was appealing a felony conviction for padding his congressional payroll, tawdry business for which he was duly censored by his more high-minded Capitol Hill colleagues. Too bad for Diggs, but the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the conviction and Diggs resigned from Congress. He now faces three years in jail.

Chicago: The Daley Legacy

By JAMES D. WASCHER

For more than two decades Chicagoans have sat smugly on their lakeside, watching the fiery collapse of America's other great cities. As New York, Detroit, and Cleveland have hovered on the brink, the hog butcher to the world has been proudly proclaiming itself "the city that works."

Today, four years after the death of Mayor Richard J. Daley, the last of the big-city bosses, it is Chicago's turn to squirm. The city's facade of fiscal stability and responsibility has been stripped away to reveal shady bookkeeping and huge secret deficits. Cozy, handshake arrangements with public employees have been replaced by the clenched fists of striking teachers, transit workers, and firefighters. The quality of city services is plummeting and the bills are mounting.

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D.C. officials remember Diggs fondly for his many years as chairman of the House District Committee, where he was instrumental in achieving home rule for the nation's capital. Americans elsewhere may come to remember Representative Diggs best for his sponsorship of home rule, but it will not be a fond memory.

Irresponsibility by District officials, egged on by a Congress that should be keeping tabs on how federal dollars are spent there, has created a budgetary mess in Washington that taxpayers everywhere ought to know about, if only to keep their outrage glands in good working order. The list of culprits in this case, however, is a mile long, extending far beyond the peccadilloes of Representative Diggs.

Mayor Marion Barry, for instance, may have walked into an impossibly bad situation when he was elected in 1978. But he's done little since then to help matters, and a good deal to make them worse. His administration announced, and then backed off from, a dizzying series of figures that suggest the size of the city's accumulated debt—ranging from as low as $29 million to nearly $300 million. "We just don't know from day to day what's going on," one local labor leader remarked.

Things may be worse than anyone yet realizes, Barry included. When he met last spring with a congressional committee set up to oversee improvement of the District's accounting system, the congressmen asked how well Barry's plans to cut the city's costs were succeeding. He didn't know, he told them. He admitted, moreover, that he still had no way—after months of wrangling over the matter—to measure overspending by city agencies, and no way to control it. What is known is bad enough. In late May, the mayor acknowledged that by the end of fiscal 1979 the city had an accumulated deficit of $284 million. Add to that the current year's budget gap—$172 million—and you get closer to the true magnitude of the problem.

Barry himself has done little to encourage optimism. When news broke that he had obtained a cut-rate mortgage because his wife was a member of the bank's board, he first denied receiving the discount and then admitted it and agreed to pay a higher interest rate.

In a widely publicized economy move, Barry ordered a citywide pay freeze, but not before he had approved hefty pay raises for his personal staff. He did fire a supposedly unpaid chief of protocol, but only after the press revealed that the aide was actually being paid $15,000 a year. Sweating out a barrage of criticism, the street radical of the sixties told one gathering of disgruntled workers to "go to hell," and closed down his press office, refusing to speak to reporters.

THESE ARE TOUGH TIMES indeed, for the predominantly black city is trying to prove to the rest of the country that it can govern itself—with little apparent success. The deterioration of Barry's support and the floundering of his administration are especially disappointing to many local leaders who believe that white racists in the rest of the country not only want them to fail, but are cheering their current difficulties.

The District has been self-governing only since 1975. Although it elects its own mayor (Barry is the second, following Walter Washington), city budget proposals must still go to the White House and Congress for approval, and

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During her eighteen-month reign as Chicago's new mayor, Jane M. Byrne has had to confront an unprecedented series of calamities:

—the disclosure that the city as well as its independent school system and public housing authority were deeply in debt;

—a four-day strike in December 1979 by the 11,000 employees of the Chicago Transit Authority;

—a week-long work stoppage in January by city teachers protesting three consecutive payless paydays (the teachers then went on strike for another week when the Board of Education voted to eliminate 2822 jobs immediately, including 1700 teaching positions, in order to pay its bills);

—a twenty-three-day strike in February and March by Chicago's firefighters, with an estimated cost to the city government of $24 million; and

—a grand jury investigation of charges that highly placed politicians with close ties to a crime syndicate had attempted to obtain the ouster of the head of the Police Department's organized crime unit.

CERTAINLY IT IS NOT fair to blame Mayor Byrne for the strikes and budget deficits: She has not been on the job long enough to have caused these problems. However, her erratic, even bizarre style of governance has not helped, and probably has even exacerbated some of the problems. Running a bureaucratic carrousel that would make the Italian government look stable, she has gone through three chiefs of staff, four police superintendents, three press secretaries, and three commissioners of planning.

"There's always been manipulation in city government, but under Daley there was at least some class, some logic to it," Alderman Clifford P. Kelley grumbled recently. "Now it's so heavy-handed and done with no class or logic at all. People are manipulated for personal reasons or on the basis of a whim." As for example Robert W. MacGregor who was fired as head of the Planning Department three days before he was to start on the job.

The mayor's unpredictability extends far beyond the revolving door that leads to her inner circle, however. In her mayoral campaign last year, Byrne promised a written contract for the city's policemen and firemen. After her election, she waited eight months before introducing a collective bargaining ordinance in the city council. Impatient with Byrne's foot-dragging, the firefighters'

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Washington:

federal outlays—up to $300 million each year—make up a sizable portion of city revenues. Washington exists to serve the government and little else. Soaring taxes and rents are sending the inner city's poor and middle-class blacks fleeing to the suburbs, and young, affluent, white government employees, lobbyists, and the like are buying up the elegant townhouses that remain. The urban poor, with no place to go, still walk the streets of their old neighborhoods, now renovated, and sleep in alleys and public parks. Two blocks east of the White House is the Fourteenth Street artery, where "reds" and "nickel bags" outsell the merchandise at Woolworth's.

One indication of the city's plight is that even the Chamber of Commerce is bankrupt. Facing debts of $150,000, including $90,000 in unpaid city and federal withholding taxes, its directors voted to move their headquarters from rented offices to donated ones and to reduce staff to two. Where business is bad you can't expect a chamber of commerce to thrive, but this one has had additional problems. According to the *Washington Post*, the 326-member organization's immediate past president had misappropriated thousands of dollars in chamber funds in 1979 and 1980, apparently to pay off bad debts incurred when he tried to become a boxing promoter.

While the city's poor suffer from the lousy economic climate, District officials have shown little spending restraint, lavishing funds, for example, on city school-board members. In neighboring Fairfax County, Virginia, a ten-member school board responsible for administering the area's largest public school system, is operating on $160,200 this year for salaries and expenses and a staff of four. In nearby Prince Georges County, Maryland, nine school-board members make do with a staff of two secretaries and a high-school senior who works part-time as a typist, costing in all $177,083.

But in the District, where there are 20,000 fewer students than in either of these neighboring counties, eleven school-board members have a staff of

Chicago:

union forced the city into contract negotiations, which ultimately stalled when the mayor and the union dug in their heels on a crucial issue. The firefighters' strike followed.

Byrne promised prompt city council ratification of the agreement that ended the strike. Seven months later, the firefighters still await that ratification, as well as enactment of the collective bargaining ordinance and negotiation of a permanent contract. The mayor has now promised to abide by the interim agreement with the firefighters until the council acts.

"Promises are made and broken so easily," Alderman Kelley charged. "Commitments are ignored. City government is in a state of crisis and it's her fault. We're rapidly approaching the point where no person of integrity is going to take a top spot with the city. Who would want to risk his professional reputation for someone whose only consistency is inconsistency?"

Byrne herself is quick to blame her predecessors for the "many critical problems" she has faced during her brief tenure. In a January "State of the City" speech to the Chicago Bar Association, Byrne said: "When I assumed office, my administration inherited a legacy of fiscal mismanagement. Because of political cowardice, the City of Chicago was living beyond its means. Payrolls were padded. The quality of city services and the productivity of city workers was declining while costs were escalating. Large covert deficits were allowed to mount up unchecked or were rolled over from one year to the next."

Although Byrne did not mention any names, the import of her reference to "past administrations" was clear: She pinned responsibility for the city's woes on Daley and his successor, Michael A. Bilandic.

APPARENTLY, MOST CHIcagoans agree with Byrne. In a poll taken in July by the *Chicago Tribune* 56 percent blamed Daley and Bilandic for the city's problems, and only 26 percent blamed Byrne.

Even veteran alderman Edward R. Vrdolyak, a Daley and Bilandic loyalist, told the city council in January: "For twenty years, the 'city that works' was the city that juggled its books." It was no secret that the city had often borrowed money from one of its eight "revolving" budget funds in order to make up for shortfalls in others.

"Money was transferred from the water fund to the public works fund to another fund, when there really wasn't enough money to go around," says independent alderman David D. Orr. The result, according to Byrne, was a $21 million operating deficit for 1979 and another $80 million in accumulated cash deficits from prior years.

The first sign of this fiscal crisis appeared, not at City Hall, but one block away, at the offices of the Chicago Board of Education, one of eight entities other than the city itself that provide municipal services to Chicago. Most of these entities, including the Board of Education, have their own taxing power.

Within the span of ten days last November and December:

—school administrators disclosed that, at least since 1973, they had paid current operating bills from restricted cash accounts that were intended to pay off Board of Education notes and bonds;

—School Superintendent Joseph P. Hannon, Board President John D. Carey, and the administration's two top financial officials abruptly resigned; and

—the new school board president announced that the board was $44.2 million in debt, including $25 million withheld from the paychecks of teachers and other employees for federal and state income taxes, pension fund contributions, and other purposes, which the board had used to finance current expenses instead.

Simply to keep its doors open, the school system had to cut $60 million from its 1979–80 budget in the middle of the school year. The Board of Education will slash its 1980–81 budget by roughly $200 million from the previous year's level of $1.42 billion in order to avoid another substantial deficit.

Frances Fox Piven, a professor of political science at Boston University, wrote an essay in 1973 on the urban crisis nationwide that may well explain the current plight of Chicago's schools.

Piven said that well-organized teach-

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thirty-seven secretaries, researchers, and special assistants. Add in the salaries of part-time members, and the tab comes to more than $1.1 million a year, making it one of the most expensive in the country, according to the National School Boards Association. Only New York City—a town with fiscal woes even greater than those of Washington—spends more on school board operations, and it has a full-time board.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE vast infusions of federal dollars, one might be tempted to say: So what? Unfortunately, that seems to be the attitude of the representatives on the House District Committee. They have met twice since the budget crisis came to light this spring—and neither time to deal with the fiscal mess.

The committee's forty or so full-time employees, who operate on an annual budget of nearly $1 million, have little to do. According to one of them, many staffers "just sit around doing nothing.

And a lot of them are good industrious people, who are frustrated for something to do." ("There are a lot of frustrated people at Chrysler, too," the committee's staff director added, with unwitting irony.)

For conscientious members it is an exasperating situation. Representative Millicent Fenwick of New Jersey has complained that as a minority member she did not even find out about the committee's annual funding request until after it had been made.

Last year, she and Representative Michael Barnes, a Maryland Democrat, questioned a $25,000 housing study contract awarded to an Arlington consulting firm. Committee chairman Ronald Dellums of California said he awarded the contract without taking a bid because he knew the firm was best suited for the job, its owner having previously worked with him. "There was no suggestion of wrongdoing," Fenwick said, with perhaps undue generosity, "but it's

ers and school administrators across the country have not only won "rapid increases in salaries but, often prompted by new black demands [for fairer treatment and better programs], they exploited contract negotiations and intensive lobbying to win new guarantees of job security, increased pensions and 'improvements' in educational policy that have had the effect of increasing their own ranks—all of which drove up school budgets, especially in the big cities where blacks were concentrated."

Each time the board met with the teachers' union, it voted raises and benefits—without having the funds.

Casey Banas, *Chicago Tribune* education editor, has traced the Board of Education's financial crisis to 1967, when Mayor Daley first granted collective bargaining rights to Chicago's teachers. With the threat of a strike imminent, Daley pressured the board to accept a contract that it did not have enough money to finance. It later found the money. The same scenario has been replayed year after year. "Each time it negotiated a contract with the teachers union, it has faced the question of voting them raises and other benefits without having the funds," Banas charges. It is also more than coincidence that the board's president and vice president during these years of profligacy were themselves high union officials who were easily swayed by the demands of the teachers' union.

Daley and the unions may not be the sole culprits in the school crisis, however. State legislative investigators disclosed in August that Chicago's two largest banks last year had knowingly demanded more collateral than the Board of Education could legally offer for a $220 million bail-out loan.

According to former superintendent Joseph P. Hannon, the bankers had helped conjure up an "illusion of disaster to create a new financial structure" for the schools that would protect the interests of the banks "instead of the children of the city."

The former chief financial officer of the Board of Education, who had resigned six days after Hannon, told the investigating committee that the city's bankers had known about—and therefore tacitly agreed to—the board's questionable practice of using restricted debt-retirement funds to pay current operating expenses.

The clear implication is that the bankers acquiesced in the shoddy financial practices of the Board of Education until they saw the opportunity to wrest greater control of the board's immense borrowing apparatus from school administrators and the political establishment. Essentially, the major lenders in the city wanted to take over one of the biggest borrowers in the city. Or as former superintendent Hannon said, "The fox is asked to be housemother to the chicken coop."

The banks won the day when the state legislature put the Chicago school system into receivership last January. A state-mandated Chicago School Finance Authority, composed of bankers and businessmen, is now overseeing Board of Education revenues and expenditures and has virtually absolute power over school financial affairs.

Despite its generous spending habits, however, the school system has a rather spotty record in teaching the city's children. In August, the Board of Education announced that it would hold back nearly one-fifth of the city's eighth graders because they could not read well enough to advance to high school. More than one-fourth of all sixth graders are also being held back.

LIKE THE SCHOOL FINANCE crisis, the firefighters' strike also had its origins in the Daley era. As Chicago labor activist Sidney Lens wrote last spring, "The fire stations figured prominently in Daley's patronage system—jobs and promotions were based on political clout more than on ability." In addition, Daley consistently refused to extend the right of collective bargaining to the city's police and fire officers. Collective bargaining, Daley maintained, would result in strikes that would endanger the public. Handshake agreements would have to suffice, he said.

Nevertheless, Chicago firefighters

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Washington:

a funny way to do business."

Even the scant amount of oversight that is exercised by the committee apparently is too much for District officials and their sympathizers. Dellums, for one, says the committee faces "serious issues, not the least of which is getting it out of existence." Dellums, who succeeded Diggs as chairman, pledged as one of his major objectives phasing out the panel, which is still viewed as an unjust carryover from pre–home rule days. If he succeeds, oversight will be limited to a congressional subcommittee, presumably even less active than the current committee.

One area that the feds ought to be looking into is the onerous financial burden that has been imposed on the city, and the nation's taxpayers, by the ambitious mass transit program underwritten since 1965 by the Urban Mass Transportation Administration, with federal, state, and local taxes subsidizing its ever deepening debt. Touted to Congress by President Lyndon Johnson, the Washington system was billed as "conservative, and based on proven technology." Originally estimated to cost $793 million for 100 miles of subway tracks, the estimates rose to $1.7 billion by the time construction began and were hiked again to $2.5 billion.

By 1978 the construction cost of the subway system had run through the ceiling. Projections topped $6.6 billion, or $66 million for each mile of steel track. Cost overruns, however, are only the beginning of the story. Operating deficits for the combined metro bus and subway system are expected to run as high as $500 million per year by 1990. Indeed, government subsidies for the system's first nine months of operation amounted to $10.38 per ride, and at that time fares ranged from 40¢ to 55¢. By 1981 the average household in the area will be paying $1670 in taxes for the system.

Worse times may be just around the corner. Though fares have increased yet again, a study done for the city and released early in the summer argues that "the quality of life" in the district would

Chicago:

were paid more and worked fewer hours per week than their counterparts in nine other major cities, according to Pierre de Vise, assistant professor of urban sciences at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle. "These higher salaries were won to compensate workers for denial of collective bargaining," de Vise said.

Activists who opposed the rampant political interference in the Fire Department and who wanted collective bargaining rights seized control of the Chicago Fire Fighters Union in the mid-seventies. In August 1978, the union's executive board approved a proposed contract and declared, "No more handshakes."

During her uphill scramble to unseat Michael Bilandic, Jane Byrne promised a written contract for firefighters, police, and other city employees. The Chicago Fire Fighters Union, along with the Confederation of Police, therefore endorsed Byrne in the Democratic primary, and she upset Bilandic by a narrow margin.

Given the shifting political alignments that brought Byrne to office, crises like the firefighters' strike were probably inevitable.

Alderman Orr believes that the firefighters and all of Chicago's other public employees still face "somewhat of an impossible situation," as inflation eats away at their earnings while the city finds it increasingly difficult to raise revenues. "There is just no way," he says, "that we are going to be able to increase the pay of our public employees at the rate of inflation." This does not bode well for the future of city services, which many already view as completely inadequate.

Mayor Byrne, on the other hand, believes that Chicago has turned a fiscal corner, and she promises improved city services in the future.

"If there was anything that was accomplished in the first year," she declared last July, "it certainly wasn't that we have a bonanza on deposit in the bank, but we're not lying to Standard & Poors, we're not lying to Moody's, we're not lying to the banks. . . . We came from the world of Oz to the real facts of Wall Street, LaSalle Street, and the city," she said.

Or, as she told the Chicago Bar Association a few months earlier: "The City of Chicago is a billion dollar corporation which every citizen has a share in. I pledge to you that the stockholders will get a better return on their dollar through enhanced city services."

It is an astonishing tribute to the dimensions of patronage in Chicago that Byrne has been able to eliminate 2000 city employees and yet retain so many that one observer still calls them a "bloated patronage army." And indeed, it would be a mistake to picture Byrne as some sort of midwestern Howard Jarvis, frantically hacking at the city bureaucracy to save money. Her strides toward putting the city on a sound financial footing have mostly consisted of tax increases rather than spending cuts.

The mayor predicts that Chicago will erase its $101 million accumulated cash deficit and will have a $35 million surplus by the end of this fiscal year. If she is successful, it will not be due to tough spending controls, but to an $82.6 million property tax increase and a $35 million boost in the franchise tax on natural gas bills. Originally Byrne had planned to raise property taxes by only $54 million, but through an administrative error, $29 million extra was inadvertently added to the budget that went to the city council for routine approval.

When the mistake was discovered, Byrne fired her budget director, but then persuaded the council to keep the "mistaken" $29 million extra because the city needed the money.

WHILE BYRNE WAS BUSY raising taxes, she was also largely ignoring the advice of her own transition team about how to eliminate massive waste in city government. Among the city departments singled out for criticism by the transition team were:

—The Law Department, described as "poorly administered, inefficient, very expensive for the services performed"; it "frequently renders incorrect advice" and "is staffed by many attorneys appointed more for their political connections than their skills. . . ." The transition report recommended that the city's corporation counsel William R. Quinlan

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be enhanced if all the fares were eliminated, providing "free" ridership—first come, first served. Benefits, the study says, would include a reduction in regional energy consumption, improved air quality, enhanced land use, reduced highway and traffic-related costs, and increased geographic and economic mobility. Drivers would drive less, the report contends, meaning fuel savings—an odd conclusion since eliminating the fares has been promoted primarily as a way to make transportation feasible for the city's urban poor, people who are least likely to drive anyway.

By all evidence, the District seems to believe in free everything.

"Free" fares would have other consequences, too, of course. They would redistribute the cost, since they obviously cannot reduce it, and hike the subway's annual operating budget from its current $151.7 million to $303.4 million. Increased ridership would, in turn, require adding 366 buses to the existing fleet, and 60 new rail cars to the 300 that already run on the subway tracks. The per rider subsidy would double, from 68¢ to $1.28. The burden on the nation's taxpayers, who are already paying half of the bill, would double.

And what's wrong with that? By all evidence, the District administration seems to believe in "free" everything, anyway, with the apparent blessing of Congress. Things are not likely to change, either, under the current arrangement. While extending to the District the voting rights granted to the states—two senators and two representatives—may have been a bit much, the time may soon come when we are all ready to free ourselves from the expense of this last "colony," as the home rule proponents dubbed it.

If the District wants real home rule, it should get it, and its colonial status should cease. That would mean, however, a vast reduction in the federal largesse. This, of course, would not sit well with D.C. officials who want to have their cake and eat it too. But while they are gorging themselves, the bakery is running out of dough. ❏

be replaced; instead, he will stay on until December, and then move up to the county bench.

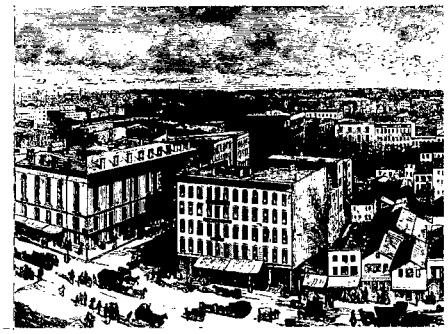
—The Department of Water and Sewers, headed by influential ward committeeman Edward A. Quigley. The transition team said that the department is "overstaffed, overpaid, and its equipment is outmoded." Byrne rejected the team's advice to fire Quigley.

—The Chicago Housing Authority "has failed in its principal mission to maintain existing buildings and to build new public housing in Chicago," the transition team reported. It recommended that CHA chairman Charles Swibel be replaced. Instead he has become one of Byrne's closest confidants.

In her effort to balance the budget, Byrne also has had help from a Daley brainchild that has traditionally relieved pressure on the city budget: the delegation of major service responsibilities to other government entities that are legally independent, but are actually dominated by the mayor.

According to Leon Despres, a former independent alderman and now Mayor Byrne's city council parliamentarian, the city "spends nothing" for schools, courts, criminal prosecution, correctional services, public transit, parks, museums, zoos, or public building construction, and "almost nothing for hospitals and public aid." Other local government units pick up the tab, in contrast to most cities. "It's a lot easier to avoid a spending crisis when the responsibility for services is dumped elsewhere," says Despres.

No one elects the officials who control many of these services. The Board of Education, the Public Building Commission, and the Chicago Park District spend money, tax, and sell bonds without accountability to the taxpayers.



Like the new Chicago School Finance Authority, these bodies are dominated by the building trades unions and real estate developers and bankers who have enjoyed a symbiotic relationship with the city's political organization for the last twenty-five years. *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist Mike Royko has long characterized organized labor as "perhaps the single biggest factor in the unique survival of the big city organization in Chicago." In return for their loyalty, the building trades unions received, and continue to receive, thousands of jobs in local government. "Unlike the federal government and many other cities," Royko says, "Chicago always pays the top construction rate, rather than the lower maintenance scale, although most of the work is maintenance."

According to a management study released in June, such reclassification of work rates costs the Board of Education an extra $12.5 million each year.

Royko also notes that the real estate developers and bankers (along with the trades unions) have profited from city policies that favor public works projects and city-backed private developments at the expense of Chicago's neighborhoods. Although Jane Byrne campaigned on a "Neighborhoods First" platform, there is little promise of change from her administration. The same entrenched union and business interests that supported former mayor Bilandic over Byrne last year have quickly ingratiated themselves with her: Already they have contributed a whopping $1.8 million to her personal political war chest. Byrne has spent nearly three-fourths of the fund, mainly to support other politicians' campaigns.

Community activist Marion Stamps even argues that despite Mayor Daley's faults, "he was more conscious of folks in the community than Byrne because he had a sincere interest in the communities. Jane Byrne's priorities have been directed at pushing the big banks and developers," she adds.

What then has happened to Chicago? Mayor Daley has died, but the cogs of the Daley machine grind on, as does its twenty-five-year-old alliance with the unions, the bankers, and the developers. However, events during Jane Byrne's tenure as mayor have laid bare the alliance's legacy of fiscal recklessness, waste, inefficiency, and deceit. At last, Chicagoans are learning how their city really works. ❏

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ATOMIC SOLDIERS: American Victims of Nuclear Experiments, by Howard L. Rosenberg. Beacon Press, 192 pp., $11.95.

Debacle at Yucca Flats

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN

THE HUGE NUCLEAR BLAST 3000 yards away "knocked [us] 10 or 15 feet. It blew my [helmet] completely off. After the shot our company paratroopers loaded back into the vehicles and moved [nearly two miles] to approximately within 300 yards from Ground Zero." These are not a Japanese soldier's recollections of the Hiroshima or Nagasaki bomb in August 1945; they are the words of an American soldier, Russell Jack Dann, about the Smoky test at Yucca Flats, Nevada, in August 1957.

Dann is one of over 250,000 American soldiers who participated in American nuclear tests between 1948 and 1963. He, along with about fifty other veterans of these tests, is suing for disability benefits for what they claim are radiation-induced injuries. So far, the Veterans Administration has refused to acknowledge any causal connection, even though a recent study by the federal Center for Disease Control shows that the soldiers exposed to the 1957 tests (the only group studied) have more than twice as many cases of leukemia as a normal group.

Why were soldiers at the nuclear test sites in 1957, or at any other time? As Howard Rosenberg, a Jack Anderson associate, explains in this angry exposé, to serve on occasion as what he calls "guinea pigs" to measure the effects of atomic explosions on soldiers. At the behest of the Pentagon, psychologists from Johns Hopkins University and George Washington University devised and monitored various tests—reassembling a rifle and crawling down a path—to determine whether the explosions impaired the GIs' efficiency. After all, the Pentagon and psychologists agreed, America could not use tactical nuclear weapons in war if it didn't know whether they would psychologically incapacitate its own soldiers.

The Smoky test was probably unnecessary and involved a mess of blunders, according to Rosenberg. The tests "were really just of a confirmatory nature," one of the psychologists reported. So sloppy were the procedures, one of the GIs recalls, that the radio operator could not find the signal announcing the test and needed help from one of the paratroopers. Soldiers had been moved out of their protective trenches on short notice before the test and deployed without any cover less than two miles from the scheduled explosion. Most of the safety precautions, the soldiers realized, had been violated.

After the explosion, the ground-level radiation was so high that two scientists were afraid to go within four miles of ground zero to retrieve their measuring instruments. Yet many soldiers, without the protective clothing worn by the privileged scientists, were sent within a long golf drive of ground zero. As Rosenberg stresses, the scientists used a double standard—one for themselves and a lower one for the soldier "guinea pigs." All the briefings, according to the remaining records, had informed the GIs that there was virtually no danger. "Remember this," the lecturer had emphasized, "no observer has ever been injured by test activity at this site, though there have been construction and traffic accidents. We're taking every possible measure to make sure we maintain this clean record."

Well before the debacle at Yucca Flats in 1957, the Atomic Energy Commission had suppressed or minimized evidence of serious errors or of poor judgment. Sometimes political pressures led the agency to relax its standards and conduct tests even when the winds made fallout a danger. "We have let other things other than fallout affect our decision as to whether or not to fire a shot," a Los Alamos scientist told the AEC. "We have been under some pressures having to do with the importance of the shot—the fact that we have had large numbers of VIPs, something of this sort."

In 1952 and 1953, Pentagon officials disregarded the warnings from AEC scientists and moved troops closer to atomic explosions than the agency's own health experts deemed safe. The AEC had wanted to keep the soldiers about 7 miles from ground zero, but the Pentagon insisted upon stationing them 3.9 miles away. According to one declassified document, "So strong is the feeling about this being a tactically realistic distance from ground zero that the marines have stated they would not participate if the seven-mile limitation . . . were imposed again." This dispute over safety, conducted only within the inner corridors of Washington, was won by the Pentagon; overruling the AEC standard for safe doses of radiation, the military almost doubled it—to ten times the level permitted the general public in 1980.

There was a double standard—one for scientists and another for the soldier 'guinea pigs.'

In May 1953, when a test dropped heavy fallout on St. George, Utah—a town "they always plaster," as AEC chairman Lewis Strauss later said at a secret meeting—a then secret memo indicated that "there are so many unknowns about the biological effects of

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radiation no one can really say what the effects of this radiation are." The AEC announced publicly that the "radioactivity [at St. George] was too low to be harmful to human beings or animals." To improve public relations, the commission even invited the local congressman to the next major test, and he was so impressed that he criticized the AEC for having been overly cautious.

In early 1954, after 17,000 sheep died and their owners blamed the deaths on fallout, the AEC simply denied the evidence and flatly announced that the commission and the Public Health Service agreed that fallout was not responsible for the deaths. Actually PHS scientists thought that the fallout might have killed the sheep, but the AEC overrode their doubts and claimed they concurred in the findings. So far as the limited evidence reveals, the PHS never openly protested or sought to correct the public's understanding.

*IN PRIVATE THE AEC COMMIS*sioners showed far more concern about public relations than about health problems, as parts of the minutes of the February 23, 1955, meeting, quoted by Rosenberg, illustrate. In discussing the "furor" about a recent test, Commissioner Willard Libby said, "People have got to learn to live with the facts of life, and part of the facts of life are fallout." Chairman Lewis Strauss responded, "It is certainly all right, they say, if you don't live next door to it." "Or live under it," chimed in AEC general manager Kenneth Fields. Commissioner Thomas Murray concluded, "We must not let anything interfere with this series of tests—nothing."

In later years, the AEC may have been even less concerned about safety and more anxious about public relations. In the mid-fifties, when Nobel Prize chemist Linus Pauling and others challenged AEC standards for radiation and charged that fallout would produce deaths, the commission mounted a publicity campaign—often using its own scientists and influential journals—to discredit these critics. Later, when some of the AEC's own scientists found evidence for Pauling's position, the commission censored their studies, sliced their funding, and ultimately pushed them off the federal payroll. In one notable case, an AEC laboratory altered a scientist's paper, without his permission, after he had sent it to a scientific conference. Some critics could not even publish in one of the major scientific journals because its editor, who had friendly ties with the AEC, sent the articles to referees at the commission who simply condemned the pieces as bad science.

BRUCE MCGILLIVRAY

Looking back upon those years, Dr. John Gofman, a health physicist who was first used by the AEC to discredit Pauling's arguments, explains the errors of his own position then. "My cardinal error was that I failed to realize a central principle of public health science—in ignorance refrain. . . . If there was no way to disprove Pauling, then the correct approach was to refrain from going ahead with atomic energy until the issue was resolved."

Recently, as Rosenberg emphasizes, the controversy about radiation safety has shifted from test fallout to nuclear power. Scientists who have found high rates of cancer among atomic workers have been assailed by the AEC and its successor agencies, the Energy Research and Development Administration and the Department of Energy. One AEC-sponsored scientist was fired when he refused to allow what he deemed premature publication of his study as part of this assault on the critics. When he completed his work, he found that his data actually supported the critics, for there was increased cancer and leukemia among those who had been exposed to even low doses of radiation.

Some scientists now accept a position argued by Dr. Karl Z. Morgan, a leading figure in the field of health physics who is a professor of nuclear engineering at Georgia Tech. Morgan asserts that he and others in health physics erred for many years by assuming that there was some safe level of radiation and that as long as a person did not exceed that level there was no danger. Data now indicate overwhelmingly, he contends, that there is no safe level of radiation and "no dose can be so low that the risk of its causing malignancy is zero." Hence, the question cannot be, "Is there a risk?" Rather, he contends, it is, "How great is the risk?"

Peter F. Libassi, general counsel of what was then HEW, admitted last year that government agencies, including his own, had covered up or ignored the growing evidence that fallout threatened the people who lived downwind of the Nevada tests. "There was a general . . . attitude that the American people could not be trusted to deal with [these matters]," he explained. "I think there was a

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general concern that the American people, given the facts, would not [allow atmospheric testing]."

*RECENT STUDIES OF RESI*dents of parts of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona, along the path of the testing fallout, indicate that cancer and leukemia rates rose substantially. So far, nearly a thousand citizens have filed suits totaling about $2 billion against the government for injuries and deaths.

In addition to these suits and the vets seeking compensation for disabilities probably caused by the Nevada tests, some GIs detailed to Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 are also suffering from cancer and related illnesses and are seeking disability benefits. So far, the Veterans Administration has denied any connection, though the emerging evidence makes it likely that many of the cancers and related illnesses can be traced to the radiation in the atomic-bombed cities.

While the VA has been holding the line against the veterans, the government has compensated the residents of the Marshall Islands, where nuclear tests were conducted, for their injuries, presumed to have been caused in many cases by the tests that started in the late 1940s. Why not, then, the American soldiers and the American victims of fallout? Could the difference be, as Rosenberg suggests, that there were only a few hundred islanders and the settlements averaged only $25,000 each, but there are over 250,000 "atomic soldiers" and more than a million residents of the testing fallout areas in the southwest? Underlying this question of federal compensation is the effect that government acceptance of liability could have on the nuclear power industry.

Atomic Soldiers, suffused with moral outrage yet claiming to avoid judgments, could have been an important book on important porblems—the conduct of nuclear testing, the use of soldiers as "guinea pigs, " the government suppression of ugly data, the disputes about acceptable levels of radiation, and the influence of federal funding and power on scientific research. But lamentably, the author has often eschewed analysis for an indignant rendering of the facts. Unfortunately, he has even "re-created some conversations," as he admits, in an effort to tell a lively story of the "atomic soldiers"; he thus invites hostile critics to take easy potshots at this generally undocumented volume. Fortunately, much of the key evidence can be found in the 1978 and 1979 congressional hearings on radiation hazards and in declassified AEC papers. This would be the place for a future, more substantial study to begin. ❏

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING: Mass Media in the Making and Unmaking of the New Left, by Todd Gitlin. University of California Press, 327 pp., $12.95.

The media vs. the Movement

CARL OGLESBY

*TODD GITLIN'S FASCINA*tion with the process through which Movement events became mass media news was always formidable. I recall a moment in Chicago's Grant Park in August 1968 at the height of the clash between antiwar demonstrators and Mayor Daley's finest. It was the second or third night of the engagement. Police lights flashing through the wooded park gave the scene an eerie resemblance to a combat zone as the lines of police and demonstrators surged back and forth. A police squad thundered by and I took a moment's refuge behind a bush. I was feeling a bit like the revolutionary fugitive the Weathermen wanted us all to be when lo, out of the shadows and up the walk came two figures strolling along as though none of this were really happening. It was Todd Gitlin and a friend. The two were serenely lost in a deep discussion of how the media were handling the Chicago confrontation, as all around them that very confrontation raged. Tear-gas canisters whizzed overhead as Gitlin laid out his theoretical insights. "Gramsci's idea of hegemony," I heard him say, as he walked within an arm's length of my hiding place, "gives us the only adequate basis for understanding what's really going on here for the media."

It is a ferocity of concentration that has served Gitlin well. *The Whole World Is Watching* probes the relationship between the media and the definition of reality that was on Gitlin's mind in Grant Park that night twelve years ago. The consummation is masterful, set in the framework of a whole history of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and the antiwar movement.

The philosophical theme he explores in this book is: How do people in contemporary society, with their everyday thought about the human world steeped in the mass media, form their picture of that world? More particularly, how did the mass media affect the New Left, specifically SDS? And how did SDS respond to the challenge of its sudden and pell-mell encounter with the media?

As a Harvard undergrad in 1963, Gitlin was the third of SDS's presidents and very possibly the one of the six with the liveliest theoretical interest in the peculiar and complex relationship between the mass media and the movement. His message in *The Whole World Is Watching* is that the mass media inescapably plunged SDS into a political dilemma it was not prepared to cope with. Either it could stay away from the media spotlight and pursue its quieter long-term programs of multi-issue community organizing among the urban poor—in which case it would have no real impact on the course of the Vietnam War—or it could accept a leadership role and step out in front on the war. The latter would risk exposing SDS—and its deeper programs—to all the ills that come with sudden national attention, including the loss of control of one's message to the media people, the editors and producers and reporters, who rephrased it, reimaged and reframed it for presentation to the world.

Canisters of tear gas were whizzing overhead as Gitlin laid out his theories about the media.

For their part, too, as Gitlin's exposition makes clear, the media experienced sharp contradictions as they began in 1965 to recognize and try to deal with the rising student antiwar movement. On the one hand, the ethic of journalistic objectivity and completeness obligated the media to define and cover SDS and

CARL OGLESBY is the author of The Yankee and the Cowboy War. *He was president of Students for a Democratic Society in 1965–66.*

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the antiwar movement as a "news story." On the other hand, the domination of mass-media thinking by a commitment to conventional political ideas and institutions meant that what the radicals had to say would, at least to start with, be, as Gitlin writes, "disparaged, trivialized and distorted."

Gitlin's carefully constructed narrative makes it abundantly clear that neither party to this symbiotic relationship came to it willingly or without reservations. After 1965, when it erupted onto the national scene, SDS was constantly vexed by membership-versus-leadership struggles centered in the tensions imposed by the media's demand for statements and events and personalities. An SDS officer would say something at a press conference in Washington, D.C., and a chapter in Oregon would hear about it on the evening news and explode with a barrage of criticism of the SDS national office.

And at the *New York Times* and CBS News, the two media institutions Gitlin examines in detail, there were similar vexations. These stemmed from a conflict between a conventional tendency to dismiss or pillory the antiwar movement, and a growing awareness among liberal media elites that there was, after all, something really rotten about the war.

Gitlin reports on SDS's dilemmas and its difficulties in handling them—finally, he thinks, its failure—from the vantage of an insider on the scene. He interviewed dozens of SDS vets and reviewed the vast amount of documentary material generated within SDS. For the media side, he went to people who assigned, wrote, and edited the SDS stories to find out what they thought they were doing and how their picture of the antiwar movement evolved over the critical half-decade from 1965 to 1970.

WHAT EMERGES IN THE Whole World Is Watching is an intricate and fascinating story of irony upon irony, contradiction upon contradiction, with an ending both triumphant and tragic, as SDS helped unseat a rogue President and stop an illegal war and in the process was itself utterly destroyed. As Gitlin writes: "The media spotlight . . . turned out to be a magnifying glass. The State used that glass to help, and justify, its heavy hand of repression. The isolated, inexperienced movement that came from the shadows caught fire under the glass, illuminated the landscape, and burned out; then, dialectically, so did the administration

If progress and technology are the answers to our problems, why aren't our problems getting solved?

ENTROPY

A NEW WORLD VIEW Jeremy Rifkin with Ted Howard

ENTROPY

"Jeremy Rifkin has done it again ... forcing people to rethink at once their own lives and the entire social system that surrounds them. He is methodical, courageous, and persuasive." —JONATHAN KOZOL

Pollution, shortages of natural resources, soaring unemployment, urban blight, the energy crisis—these are all symptoms of a larger disorder that Jimmy Carter did not create and Ronald Reagan cannot fix. The solution lies in understanding entropy.

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VIKING

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that pushed repression one or two burglaries too far. All opposition movements to come would inherit this history, all the ambiguity and irony of it."

Gitlin's analysis does not leave one feeling that this mixed legacy could easily have been improved upon. Indeed, he is at pains to show how SDS's precipitous collapse after 1968, when the organization fell apart in an internal struggle between adventurists (the Weathermen) and doctrinaire Maoists (the Progressive Labor party), was incubated in the perilous but necessary relationship SDS had entered into with the mass media. The leadership learned, as Gitlin writes, that "in order to intervene directly in real-time political events, SDS would have to cope with the spotlight; that the spotlight imposed its own rules, its own timetables; and that because a political SDS would have to respond to the imperatives of the spotlight, whatever its politics, it would experience a pressure toward centralized authority that could crack a decentralized, heterogeneous organization."

The media also exerted pressure toward sensational "revolutionary" politics. This was all the more difficult to resist, as Gitlin makes clear, because it coincided with an internal impulse toward ultraleftist adventurism. SDS did not have to be infiltrated by *agents provocateurs* or seduced by reporters looking for hot copy to find advocates of incendiary and violent methods within its ranks. The condition of youth itself is burdened with an eternal impatience constantly seeking to drive out second thoughts and push on to the yet-more-radical position. This impatience was intensified by the moral fury the war inspired. It was seemingly justified by the example of Third World revolutionary heroes. Toward the end of the sixties it became a force within the movement impossible for SDS's more moderate old guard either to contain or to support.

But Gitlin sees SDS's main problem in its relationship with the mass media. Constantly ambivalent toward the media, SDS in spite of itself was drawn more and more deeply into a dependence on media images, with consequences Gitlin paints as fatal.

Were Gitlin less inclined to see the antiwar movement as a failed movement and SDS as a defeated organization, he would have done better here. For it is possible to see the antiwar movement as an essentially successful enterprise and SDS as an organization that saw its basic objectives attained. In that case one would look back on the entire experience with an eye for those moves SDS made that broke a whole generation out of passivity and irrelevance and set it free to act on a vast, serious stage with originality, sensitivity, integrity, and effect. Against the grain of Gitlin's analysis, I would propose that SDS was the glory of the American sixties, and that this fact proceeded in no small part from SDS's intuitive grasp of the situation it faced vis-à-vis the mass media and the propagation through these media of radically critical ideas.

SDS did deal with Gitlin's dilemma. It avoided both irrelevance and assimilation. For as long as it had to, it avoided disintegration, too. Up until the extended *Walpurgisnacht* of 1968 and beyond, it exploited the media with increasing (I do not say "uniform") success. A key group of SDSers panicked toward the end and sought refuge in sentimental apocalypticism. Nevertheless, the ambitious, not to say audacious, task SDS had willy-nilly set for itself—the mobilizing of a mass antiwar movement—had been carried out, and not even a Nixon and a COINTELPRO could undo that simple towering fact.

In spite of itself, SDS was drawn more and more into a dependence on media images.

Still, I think Gitlin is justified in concentrating on the destructive aspects of SDS's media relationship. That is probably the best way to sort out the problem areas for future effervescings of the spirit of practical democracy. Whether SDS won or lost its complex joust with the mass media, the management of such a relationship will remain a central challenge to any democratic group that wants to move at the national policy level. And in Gitlin's sustained, rich narrative of the events as lived by the movement and the events as imaged by the media—his prose supple, his style of thought humane, his frame of reference capacious—he has given us an original and unique set of insights into a relationship of obvious importance and continuing strain for mass democracy in the era of mass communications. *The Whole World Is Watching* is a major contribution to the history of a major American period.

REPEALING NATIONAL PROHIBITION, by David E. Kyvig. University of Chicago Press, 271 pp., $21.00.

Strategic retreat

JOSEPH R. STROMBERG

IN HIS IMPORTANT AND detailed account of a major American victory over state-directed morality, David E. Kyvig, taking a revisionist view of the Eighteenth Amendment and the movement for its repeal, contributes perhaps more than he realizes to the reinterpretation of twentieth-century American history. By undertaking the first serious study of repeal, he rescues a significant political struggle from the easy assumption that repeal "just happened" because everyone finally got tired of Prohibition.

Kyvig, in *Repealing National Prohibition,* stresses that Prohibition initially enjoyed immense popularity in governmental and opinion-making circles, and among the general public—as witness the way the Eighteenth Amendment breezed through Congress and the state legislatures. (No mean feat, when one considers the delays the ERA meets with, lo these many years.) Hence Prohibition was not, as one familiar interpretation has it, simply the reaction of an endangered rural Protestant culture to industrialization and urbanization; not merely a putsch against the unruly, Catholic, and free-drinking immigrant groups of the big cities and their social and political center, the saloon. On the contrary, Prohibition came about when the temperance idea, the World War, and Progressive reform intersected at a bad time and place for American liberty.

Progressives, with their touching and

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frightening faith in the justice and efficacy of coercive, bureaucratic solutions to social problems, found Prohibition quite congenial. With a mighty shot from their statutory blunderbuss reformers would uplift America's drinkers and drunks, thereby promoting health, national strength, and economic efficiency (one of the biggies), and eliminating poverty and crime. The Reverend Charles Stelzle, a champion of the Social Gospel, only spoke aloud what other Progressives believed when he denied any "absolute individual right . . . even to live, if that thing is in conflict with the law of public necessity." Kyvig's insight on the role of the Progressive mood in making Prohibition acceptable is one of the particular merits of his book.

Thus an odd coalition of fundamentalists and secular "liberal" uplifters proved strong enough to insinuate its policy into the very fabric of constitutional government by amendment, a recourse whose limits have never been defined, and in language the Founders' committee on style would have rejected without delay. Litigation over the amendment failed, and with the passage of Draconian enforcement laws the federal government, seconded by the states, seemed determined to stamp out the sins of alcohol whatever the cost. Opponents of Prohibition despaired of undoing a policy that enjoyed a motherhood-and-apple-pie level of public support and became enshrined in the Constitution.

Given the entrenched character of Prohibition, Kyvig says, repeal required the hard work of dedicated men and women who marshaled the moral and practical arguments against the law, focused debate, and carefully built a consensus for repeal. Single-issue organizations, chief among them the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, and the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers, turned public discontent over Prohibition into a successful repeal movement. It is this instructive story that Kyvig has rescued from historical limbo.

Bad enough in theory, Prohibition was disastrous in practice, as Kyvig's excellent summary chapter shows. Not only did it fail to end consumption of alcohol, it unleashed hordes of trigger-happy gumshoes, snoops, and bureaucrats on the public—functionaries whose disregard for individual liberty and even life set a low standard that today's narcs seem determined to emulate. And it put production and distribution of newly lower quality alcoholic beverages into the hands of criminal enterprises it virtually called into being. Gang wars, bribery, official corruption, disrespect for law, clogged courts and crowded jails, and official callousness (even to poisoning industrial alcohol to deter its ingestion, a real precedent for the recent use of Paraquat)—the whole seamy side of the Jazz Age—quickly spoiled the drys' idyll.

EVEN BEFORE THESE HORRORS revealed themselves, ideologically motivated opposition took shape. Founded in 1918 by Captain William H. Stayton of Delaware, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment pressed states-rights conservative and constitutional objections to Prohibition. Eventually claiming as many as 700,000 members concentrated in New York, California, Ohio, and Illinois, the AAPA boasted a very upper-middle-class leadership, including Senators Thomas F. Bayard, James Wadsworth, and William Cabell Bruce, industrialists Irénée and Pierre du Pont, and publisher Charles Scribner. Inasmuch as Prohibition "fit" Progressivism, it is not surprising to find Kyvig

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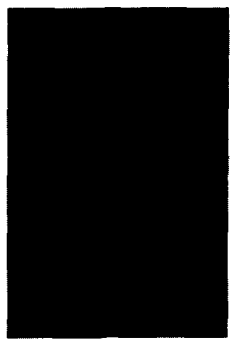

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writing that opponents of Prohibition were anti-Progressives, men who feared expansion of federal control and power. He even states that the AAPA leaders "upheld laissez-faire capitalism," that favorite whipping boy of liberal historiography. But as Kyvig himself later notes, AAPA chiefs considered vigorous state-level regulation of liquor the alternative to Prohibition, and Pierre du Pont favored state monopolies—hardly your extreme laissez-faire positions.

Certainly in opposing growing federal regulation the AAPA leaders bowed in the direction of an older political and economic liberalism, but I think Kyvig errs a bit in forcing these *haute bourgeois* activists into a residual category of laissez-faire capitalists (a pigeonhole as convenient, useless, and misleading as its great congener, "isolationists"). The author is on sounder ground in assessing pro-Prohibition Herbert Hoover, another figure usually and even less justifiably stereotyped as a laissez-fairist. In line with the work of historians Joan Hoff Wilson, William Appleman Williams, and Murray N. Rothbard, he presents Hoover as a committed Progressive who boasted in 1922 that "The crushing of the liquor trade without a cent of compensation . . . does not bear out the notion that we give property rights any headway over human rights"—as demagogic a formula as FDR ever uttered. As President, Hoover steadfastly defended Prohibition, thereby allowing the Democrats to take the credit for repeal even though in 1932 FDR waffled on the issue as long as humanly possible.

Whatever its brand of Whiggery, the AAPA shifted the debate from one about moderating Prohibition to one about outright repeal, and supported this advanced position with such impressive empirical studies as *Scandals of Prohibition Enforcement, Cost of Prohibition and Your Income Tax, Reforming America with a Shotgun: A Study of Prohibition Killings* (nothing "elitist" about this one), as well as studies of foreign liquor control systems. The Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, founded in 1929 under the leadership of socialite Pauline Morton Sabine (whose libertarian concerns Kyvig emphasizes), was of great importance both as an independent political effort by women and as a rebuttal to dry claims that "the purer sex" overwhelmingly favored Prohibition. WONPR literature strongly criticized the new speak-easy social context for drinking that Prohibition created, and on Kyvig's evidence WONPR actually took a stronger line against Prohibition and claimed more members than the AAPA.

By 1932, the parameters of discussion had shifted so completely that the GOP adopted an ambiguous plank on Prohibition and the Democrats came out for repeal. The Democratic landslide was taken as a "wet" mandate. As Congress rushed to repeal Prohibition the AAPA took on a watchdog role, determined to prevent passage of watered-down amendments that might leave room for significant federal regulation of alcohol and to insist on ratification by state conventions, not legislatures (to assure a real consensus). The Voluntary Committee of Lawyers eased the process by drafting a model convention bill for state legislatures to use.

Yet after their victory, the AAPA leaders fell into oblivion. Kyvig attributes their rejection by contemporaries and pro–New Deal historians to the very constitutional, states-rights, and (mildly) laissez-faire principles that led them to fight against Prohibition. When virtually the same group reemerged in 1934 as the American Liberty League, their fat-cat image and seemingly irrelevant concern with constitutional principles made them easy targets for FDR. Scorned as "economic royalists," by their later activities they lost the credit due for the repeal of Prohibition. The author, characterizing them as "a shrill, embittered, and ineffectual political splinter group," seems similarly ready to consign their post-1933 efforts to the special purgatory saved for supposed laissez-faire fanatics.

And yet even as the feds made a strategic retreat from the control of alcohol, the Progressive principles of the New Deal were in a larger sense compatible with Prohibition—that monstrous liberticide boondoggle supported by innocent rustics and urbane social engineers. Contrary to Kyvig, perhaps the real tragedy of the Liberty Leaguers was that, like the Anti-Imperialist Leaguers a generation earlier, their upper-class social position paralyzed them politically, preventing them from working out the radical potential of their individualist liberal attitudes. This led them to fall back upon old constitutional truisms instead of addressing concrete issues and rallying the people around them. Nonetheless, by fighting for repeal of Prohibition, the AAPA and its allies helped to establish that there are limits to the regulation of private conduct by government, a lesson certainly worth relearning in every generation. ❑

CONTEMPORARY IRISH POETRY: An Anthology, Edited by Anthony Bradley. University of California Press, 447 pp., $17.95.

Between two tongues

HUGH KENNER

IT'S ALL OVER, IN CASE you've not been plainly told, the Irish Literary Revival. Or not quite: The last notes of its coda are still being sounded, briefly and at painful intervals, on Sam Beckett's sour woodwind ("Happiness, too, yes, there was that too, unhappily"). Copious, proficient, arresting, Irish writing goes on, but it's something else now, postrevival: something starker, wirier.

The revival was the work of writers, chiefly Protestant, who helped focus the awareness that brought about an Irish Republic they found they couldn't stand to live in. Yeats died in France, A. E. and O'Casey in England. Beckett, a generation their junior, even contrived the bizarre gesture of departing for Paris just as the German occupation was about to start. "I preferred France at war to Ireland at peace. I made it just in time." The Ireland Beckett left in 1940 was quite as priestridden and godforsaken as the Ireland James Joyce remembered from 1904, with this difference, that since 1925 it had been free to institutionalize its defects.

Looking round him in old age, W. B. Yeats saw defects everywhere:

Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.

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He was exhorting "Irish poets" to scorn the Catholic middle classes, the same whom J. M. Synge had described thirty years previously as "the ungodly ruck of fat-faced sweaty-headed swine." But any Irish poet of the new nation was likely to be middle-class and Catholic, the Anglo-Irish gentry of Yeats's and Synge's predilection having become extinct as a consequence of the rebellion they helped instigate, so it is unsurprising that subsequent poets have paid no heed.

Nor have they heeded what he went on to say:

Cast your mind on other days,
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.

For "other days," perhaps better known than they were to Yeats, no longer fuel ardent hearts. Either they bespeak an irrecoverable unpriestified world of the harp-songs—

Lamp loses light
When placed beside her.
She is the pearl and being of all Ireland
Foot, hand, eye, mouth, breast, thigh and
instep, all that we desire.

(that's Austin Clarke, from the Irish)—or they prove to be the grim days when what now seems insoluble was first precipitated. For John Montague the seventeenth-century siege of Derry—

the jackal shapes
of James's army
watching the city
stiffen in siege

—helped shape the antagonisms that rend today's Ulster:

major this and
captain that and
general nothing
the bland, pleasant
face of mediocrity
confronting in horror
its mirror image
bull-voiced bigotry

And to replace the Yeatsian Countess Cathleen (cloud-treader, lauded by the likes of Homer) Montague finds us this, from the old Irish:

I am the hag of Beare,
Fine petticoats I used to wear,
Today, gaunt with poverty,
I hunt for rags to cover me. . . .

These arms, now bony, thin,
And useless to younger men,
Once caressed with skill
The limbs of princes!
Sadly my body seeks to join
Them soon in their dark home.
When God wishes to claim it
He can have back his deposit.

Short statements hammered with monosyllables, that's one thing you'll find wherever you open this admirable anthology. It's one lesson living poets have learned from the Yeats of the bare *Last Poems*:

Irish poets, learn your trade.
Sing whatever is well made.

It's been reinforced by two generations of compulsory bilingualism. If you're caught between two languages, one not quite real, and if they are as different in their syntactic habits as Irish and English, you are apt to prize whatever directness will emerge from the conflux. Irish no longer ministers, as it did for Lady Gregory and even Synge, to the quaint and the circumlocutory.

AND CLASSROOM IRISH HAS enabled poets to investigate the intricate assonantal practices of the bards. Look back to the "Hag of Beare" excerpt, and observe what seem to be passing for rhymes: thin/men, join/home, claim it/deposit. These imitate effects normal to poems in Irish. In English, where they're not at home, they can imply the makeshift desperation that is the typical poet's theme in Ireland today.

It was Austin Clarke (1896–1974) who discovered this possibility. Clarke expended prodigies of technique on transposing assonantal lyricism into English:

When the far south glittered
Behind the grey beaded plains,
And cloudier ships were bitted
Along the pale waves. . . .

Mastering such effects, he found that he had mastered an idiom for social observation, and his account ("Martha Blake at Fifty-One") of a spinster's dreary last days owes much of its pathos to the play of Irish assonantal norms against the genius of English. To ears trained on English—not only yours and mine but in point of unofficial fact most ears in Ireland—it seems constantly trying to rhyme on alternate lines and seldom succeeding: a bitter and delicate equivalent for Martha Blake's days:

She thought of St. Teresa, floating
On motes of a sunbeam,
Carmelite with scatterful robes,
Surrounded by demons,
Small black boys in their skin. She gaped
At Hell: a muddy passage
That led to nothing, queer in shape,
A cupboard closely fastened.

"Sunbeam" and "demons" are about as far from rhyme as a pair of acoustically linked words can well get. And when she dies,

. . . No priest
Came. She had been anointed
Two days before, yet knew no peace:
Her last breath, disappointed.

She manages a terminal rhyme, "disappointed"; but "priest" does not manage to rhyme with "peace."

Nor does anything these days in Ireland seem to rhyme with "peace," and though the producible political effect of the revival was Eire, the Republic of Ireland, today the bitter action is in the north, where fully one-third of the forty-three poets in the anthology have their roots or their allegiances. Seamus Heaney ("born in 1939 in County Derry, Northern Ireland") began the first poem in his first book,

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

—a neat assonance, and a neat reification of the fact that *gunna* ("gun") is one of the first fifty or so Irish words Eire's schoolchildren learn from their gaily colored primers. ("Oh, you know, the wild west," someone said when I pointed this out in a Dublin parlor, resisting the fact that in the wild west's home country "gun" is not regarded as a nursery word.)

Heaney is, like Montague, a stark imaginative force. They are the two best living Irish poets. I'd gladly display you Montague, save that he needs space. Get the anthology. Then get Heaney's books. Meanwhile contemplate in its entirety the anthology's very last exhibit, by twenty-nine-year-old Paul Muldoon, another northerner:

When Oisin came back to Ireland
After three hundred years
On one of those enchanted islands
Somewhere in the Western Seas,

He thought nothing of dismounting
From his enchanted steed
To be one again with the mountains,
The bogs and the little fields.

There and then he began to stoop,
His hair, and all his teeth, fell out,
A mildewed belt, a rusted buckle.
The clays were heavy, black or yellow,
Those were the colours of his boots.
And I know something of how he felt. ❑

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FILM

***WILLIE AND PHIL*, directed by Paul Mazursky.**

***THOSE LIPS, THOSE EYES*, directed by Michael Pressman.**

Recycled Perrier

STEPHEN HARVEY

WHEN FIRST WE MEET the heroes of Paul Mazursky's *Willie and Phil*, they're at New York's Bleecker Street Theater, circa 1970, basking in the gray shadow cast by *Jules and Jim*. At the movie's close a decade later they're back at the Bleecker, eternally captivated by the Truffaut masterwork. Everything in between is devoted to Willie and Phil's own tempestuous triangle with an elusive female named Jeannette. Yet oddly enough, amidst their incessant expressions of astonishment at the singularity of their situation (accompanied by innumerable vocal and instrumental reprises of "What Is This Thing Called Love?"), it never seems to dawn on them that somewhere, somehow, they've seen all this before.

Then again, Mazursky apparently possesses a pretty selective memory himself—or else he's in the throes of a case of hubris more virulent than his admirers ever thought possible. It seems that every time he makes a buoyant popular success, Mazursky has to atone by taking a pratfall at the feet of one of his presumed betters from overseas. Ten years ago he followed *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* with a Fellini *all'americana* mishap called *Alex in Wonderland*, complete with a cameo appearance by Il Maestro himself. Now the much-acclaimed *An Unmarried Woman* has left the current little item in its wake.

Both of Mazursky's movies remind one of drag-show impersonations of real-life movie divas: Even if conceived from affection, by isolating and exaggerating their idols' most glaring mannerisms, they manage to make the originals look ridiculous. *Alex* was a flat distillation of all of Fellini's most tiresome tics; *Willie and Phil* freeze-dries those undernourished, overcultivated Gallic divertissements of the seventies, late Truffaut included. (Apart from the bare outline of the plot, any comparisons with *Jules and Jim* are pointless, since *Willie and Phil* chooses to forget how tough-minded and fundamentally pessimistic the original really was.) The setting is perforce a cozy bourgeois bohemia, populated by overgrown male puppies who scamper after the sage, sphinxlike Eternal Woman. It's crammed with sunsets to stroll past, babies to gurgle at, al fresco family banquets to linger over, and touchingly complicated romantic entanglements which, in the end, unravel serenely with no harm to anyone.

As Phil expounds to Willie on their first meeting, "Anybody who likes Truffaut ought to be a feeling fella," and Mazursky's threesome spend an inordinate amount of time telling one another what rare and wondrous human beings they are. The director seconds that emotion in the avuncular voice-over throughout the movie; all the while he's really showing us what a sensitive, caring guy he is. To the nonsmitten beholder, however, the three characters are remarkably prosaic types, perfunctorily trudging past the trendy signposts of the seventies. Willie is an English teacher with a mystical bent, so he dutifully seeks fulfillment on an organic farm, at a commune in Hawaii, and in an Indian ashram before returning Candide-fashion right back to where he started. Phil is a photographer with an eye cocked for the big time, so he turns to directing TV commercials and eventually does the whole laid-back Malibu trip. As for wistful Jeannette, she's just a zephyr blown off course from the land of the blue grass. She has no ambitions, no plans, no hobbies, yet one day—voila! Just like that, she's an assistant film editor. Why? Well, everyone who saw *An Unmarried Woman* knows all forward-looking women got glamorous jobs during the last decade, that's why.

Mazursky's idea of trenchant satire is to encapsulate a recent trend with snappy vignettes, each with its own unspoken subtitle. "Draft Evasion" might have been the subtitle when Willie feigns repressed homosexuality and Phil exhibits gung-ho dementia at their induction call. "Going Hollywood" consists of an establishing shot of Phil languishing in a hot tub; "Marriage a la Mode" finds mountainously pregnant Jeannette before a stuttering justice of the peace; "Up the Down Staircase" presents Willie as a jive-ass turkey teaching *Hamlet* to a ghetto tough who claims that the prince's problem is that he's not getting laid enough. (Actually, Mazursky gives us a double whammy here when said pupil turns around and regales the astonished Willie with the complete "To be or not to be" soliloquy in perfect Oxbridge tones.) I suppose the only reason Mazursky never got around to a "Having an Abortion" scene is that even he couldn't find a way to make a darling, upbeat moment out of that.

*OF COURSE, WE'RE SUP-*posed to see these characters as something more than mere flotsam of the *Zeitgeist*; yet nothing differentiates them but the ethnic traits and taboos the director appliqués to their identities like psychedelic patches on faded Levis. Mazursky movies usually teem with confused urbanites caught between their circumscribed origins and the heterogeneous middle-class world

they've passed into. He was able to make this motif persuasive before because it always remained the subtext rather than the subject; his characters were so used to their own contradictions that to call undue attention to them would have been superfluous. (An occasional aberration such as Shelley Winters's *yiddische* Queen Kong in *Next Stop Greenwich Village* was amusing precisely because of its intended outlandishness—she was a Jewish son's nightmare, not a

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glib slice of life from the subculture.)

Yet, as *Willie and Phil* would have it, you are what you eat, period. When Phil isn't telling you that spaghetti is the foundation of Italian life, Willie's mom is seen bearing a platter of the kind of chopped liver you can't get anymore. Willie sighs and meditates as befits the rootless Semitic intelleckshual. Phil struts and bellows and wallows in Latin temperament. The movie reaches its epiphany when its heroes, both having lost Jeannette, indulge in a trumped-up wrangle that climaxes in a bout of ethnic name-calling. The irony—unintended, I'm sure—is that thanks to Mazursky's vagaries of casting, the conspicuous labels seem to have been transposed. Michael Ontkean (Willie) looks like a Renaissance swain, and Ray Sharkey (Phil) resembles an incontinent, second-string Alan Arkin. To compensate, each gives a contrasting object lesson in bad movie acting, junior male division. Ontkean is straight out of a Soave Bolla commercial—his dark, curly hair and liquid dreamboat eyes do all the emoting for him. Sharkey, on the other hand, is a Roman candle of bulging eyes, curling lips, and semaphoring arms; it's the kind of heavy breathing that passes for great acting in some quarters because it's so energetic, and there's so much of it.

As the cynosure of their eyes, Margot Kidder is exceedingly unprepossessing. It's hardly her fault, since she doesn't even have the boys' matzo and meatball clichés to work with. Phil calls her a Tennessee Williams lady, and Willie thinks she's like Anna Karenina, but Mazursky doesn't have such an easy handle on WASP girls from Kentucky. Hence the plucky Kidder just passes through the movie with a burr-throated drawl and a half-masted grin suitable for every occasion. It's no surprise that the purported erotic tension among them all is so negligible, nor that she should manage to segue so effortlessly from one man to another, since as far as I could divine, the main driving force behind their attraction was proximity.

With Sven Nykvist at the camera, Mazursky was assured that *Willie and Phil* would at least look like something, and it does manage a consistent, if slightly insipid, patina of prettiness. But along with everything else, Mazursky seems temporarily to have mislaid even the rudiments of his former moviemaking savvy. The whole film reverberates with overrehearsed spontaneity. At calculated intervals he tries to charm the audience with sunny vignettes of his protagonists' madcap hijinks—skinnydipping in a country lake, burying themselves in the Malibu sand, trying to park Willie's shiny red Volkswagen—and in between, the movie nods out, as every would-be serious scene is talked to a standstill while Willie, Phil, and Jeannette ponder each new stage in their relationship.

The gushy terseness of the running narration (actually, a *One Kvetches, The Other Doesn't* touch out of the worst of Agnes Varda rather than the best of Truffaut) may be an attempt to bring cohesion to this enterprise. However, this device only makes the synthetic quality of what it is describing even more obvious. Sometimes it's a bit redundant, as in the statement that "Baby Zelda was a miracle to all of them," cooed over Jeannette's infant. Often it's insufficient to the purpose, as when the claim that in India Willie found enlightenment by "getting his sense of humor back" is accompanied by a shot of Willie getting his beard shorn while a crowd of brown urchins giggle and point. Most frequently, though, it is nauseatingly coy—as when we're told that Willie and Phil became great friends because "they hated the war in Vietnam and loved Truffaut." At the film's long-awaited finale, the Voice informs us that after all this, both men go on to lead very ordinary lives—an anticlimatic pronouncement if there ever was one, considering the stupefying banality of their existences thus far.

Mazursky's impulse to render homage to the style of another filmmaker while recycling so much of his own old material has created the worst of both worlds—he trashes Truffaut and trivializes himself. The one place *Willie and Phil* really belongs is at the Loew's Purgatorio on a double bill with Woody Allen's *Interiors*.

THOSE LIPS, THOSE EYES (that title!) doesn't finally add up to much, but at least its locale and premise are novel enough not to remind you of a dozen other, better movies. The time is the summer of 1951, and the place a summer stock theater in the Ohio hinterland dedicated to tacky resuscitations of operettas like *Rose Marie* and *The Vagabond King*. The reigning luminary is one Harry Crystal (Frank Langella), a mercurial second-rater forever on the lookout for that Main Stem break that will never come. Watching avidly on the sidelines is Artie Schumaker (Thomas Hulce), a wavering premed student mesmerized by the limelight. By the end of the summer the idealistic hick

has shed a few illusions about Thespis and romance, but he's determined to follow his new-found vocation all the same. Meanwhile, Crystal resignedly departs to play the second lead in a bus-and-truck of *The Student Prince*, and the kid's ever-pragmatic inamorata (Glynnis O'Connor), a dancer with the troupe, is off to New York, her husband, and a featured spot in a Cole Porter musical.

O'Connor's chorine is really the most appealing character in *Those Lips, Those Eyes*, but the movie doesn't recognize it because it's selling the same dreams that Crystal and Artie are buying, while O'Connor sees right through them. Performing is a matter of work and persistence to her, not a bogus holy mission. As Crystal, Langella still can't shake the sinister androgyny that shrouded him in *Dracula*. He tries valiantly—sweat glistens from every pore—but with his introverted gaze and dry, shy singing voice he's essentially miscast; Crystal really should be a road company carbon of, say, Alfred Drake, all robust poses and booming, corny vibrato.

Much wry fun could have been made of the myopic narcissism of provincial theatrics, but David Shaber's script goes for heart rather than satire, and what he comes up with is corn nearly as starchy as any Sigmund Romberg opus. As Shaber and director Michael Pressman would have it, a ham performer like Crystal may be short on talent and twice blessed with ego, but he's redeemed by his unfeigned devotion to his art. Langella is forced to convey this via speeches littered with the kind of bushwa about the theatah which the likes of Joseph L. Mankiewicz had already parodied into its grave by the early fifties. *Those Lips, Those Eyes* really becomes that which it's about—a breathless paean to the lively arts, voiced by a few practioners of the lesser craft of show business. ❑

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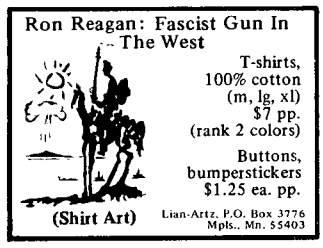
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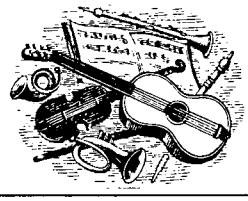

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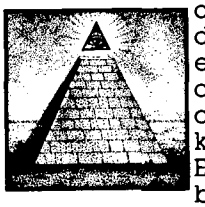

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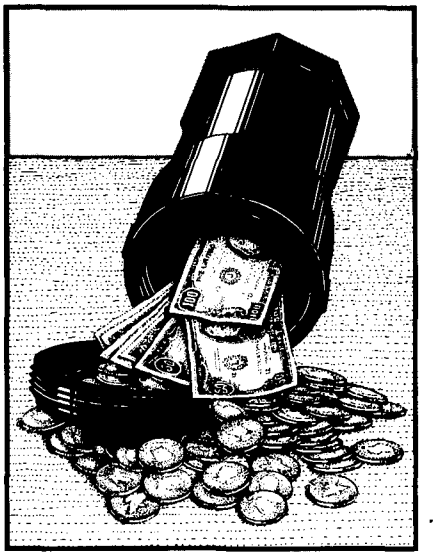

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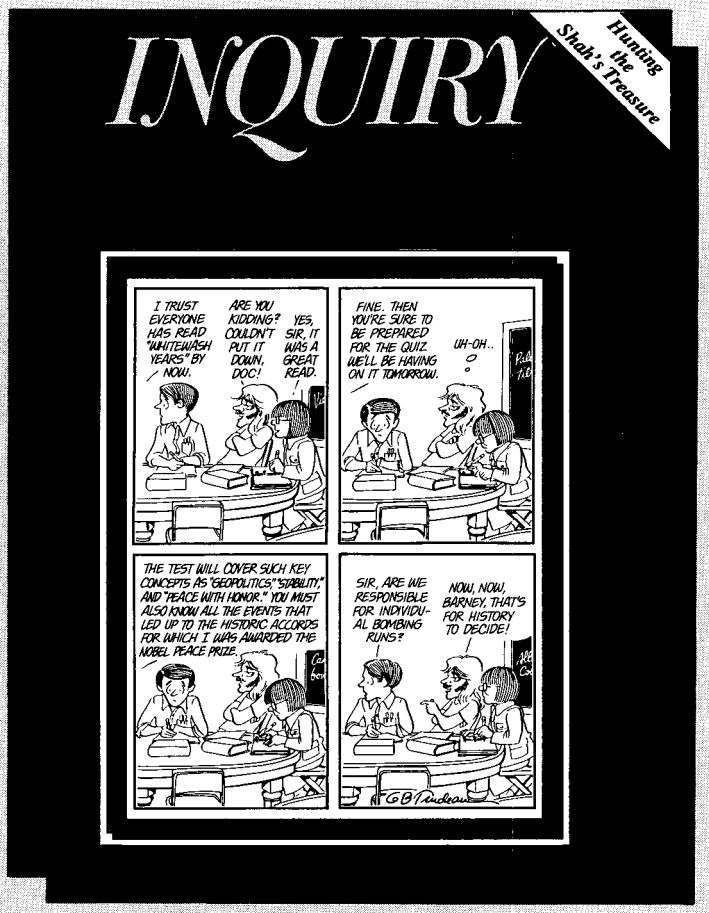
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